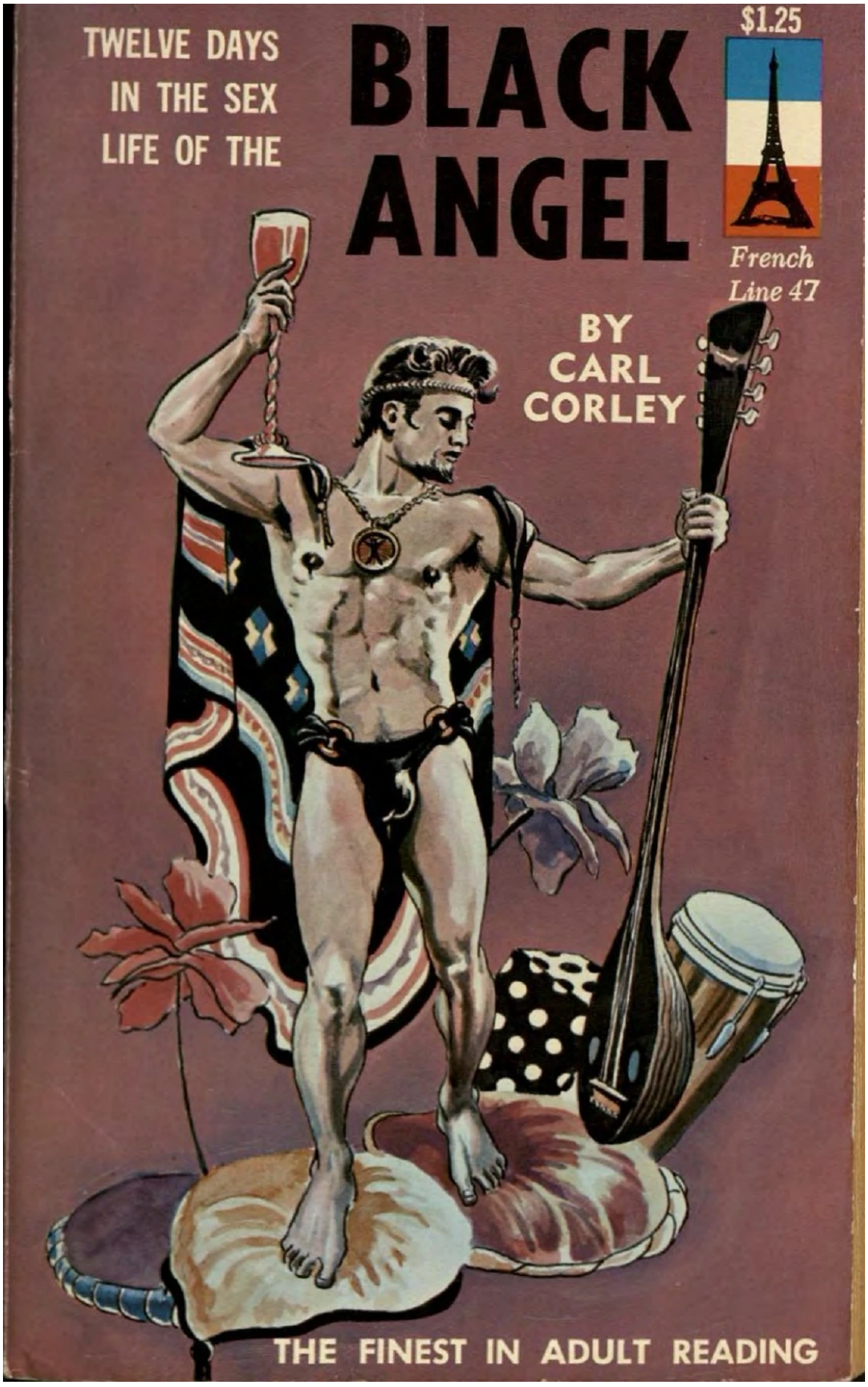
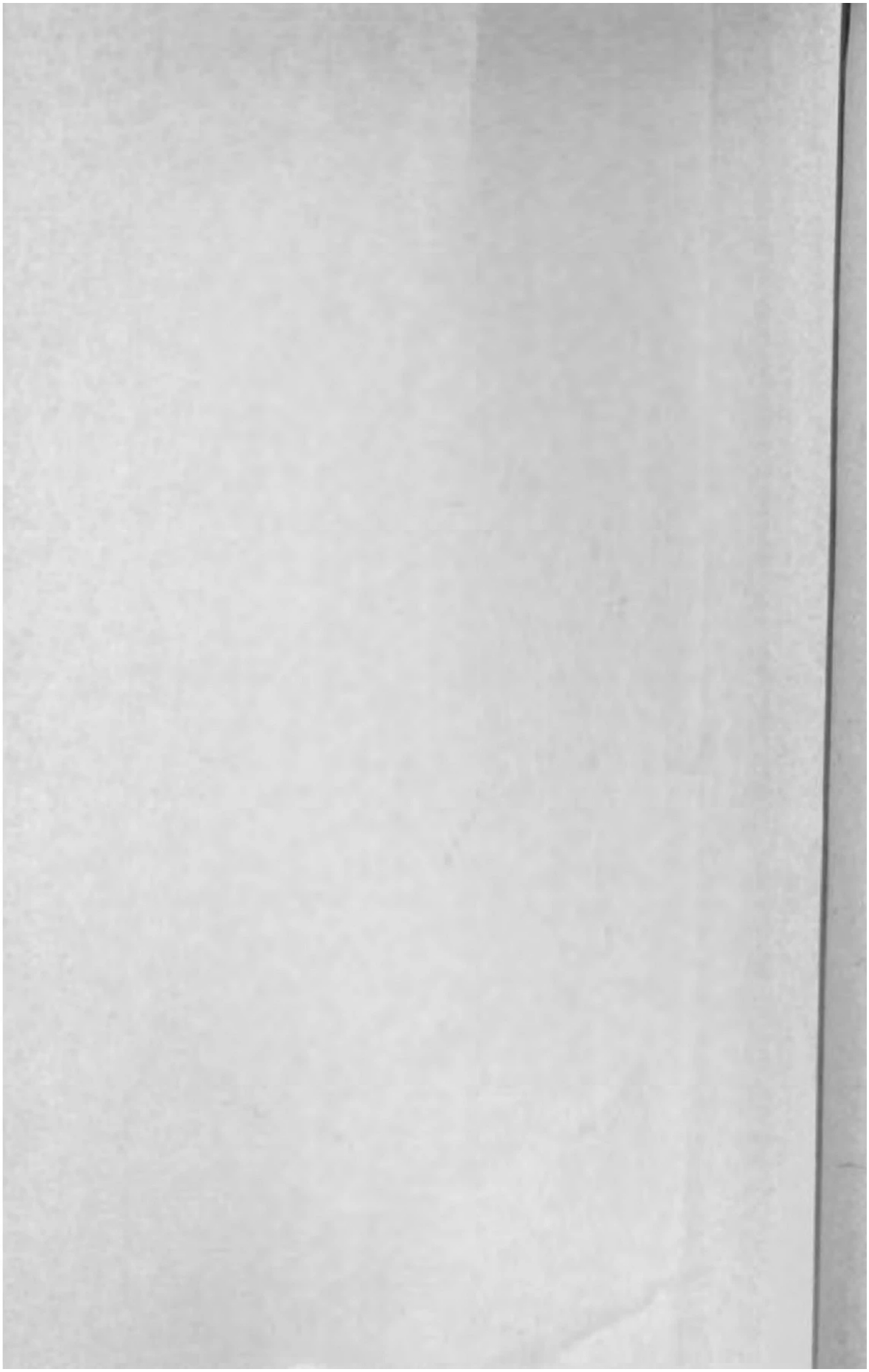
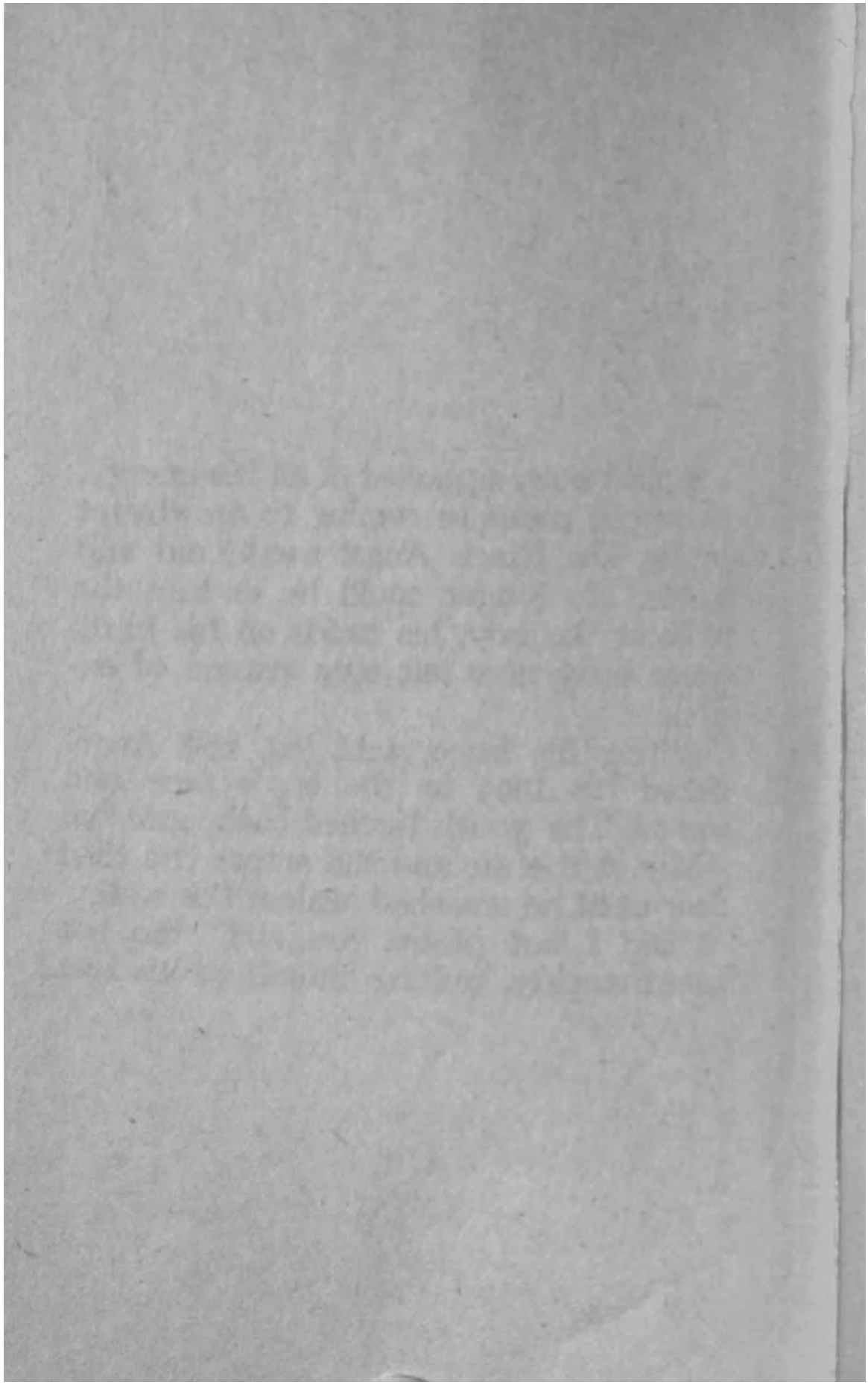

TWELVE DAYS IN THE SEX LIFE OF THE
BLACK ANGEL
$1.25
French Line 47
BY CARL CORLEY
THE FINEST IN ADULT READING



Sapped now, siphoned of all his energy, his joyous pleasure coming to an abrupt ending, the Black Angel went cold and hostile. No longer could he endure the touch of the boy, his hands on his hard, coarse body now felt ugly instead of exciting.

Lifting his huge right leg, the Angel placed his foot in the boy's face and shoved. The youth lurched back, grabbed wildly at the air and slid across the tiled floor until he smashed against the wall.

"Did I not please you, sir?" the boy asked meekly, pulling himself to his feet.



THE BLACK ANGEL

by

CARL CORLEY

All characters and situations
in this book are fictitious.

a PEC FRENCH LINE NOVEL

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The First Day

One might think that the Black Angel's physical appearance inspired his name, but it was the essence of his maleness which provoked his many friends and acquaintances to call him the Black Angel rather than his real name.

So his real name doesn't matter.

The Black Angel was twenty-six years old, and his height was well above the average. He lacked an inch of six feet tall, weighed one hundred and seventy pounds, and his smooth, radiant skin without scar nor blemish, was the glowing color of honey. There was not a pound of fat on him anywhere, and his well proportioned bone structure showed distinctly through his hard muscle at knee caps, wrist bone, ankle, and

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the long thin bones in his beautiful feet. They seemed forked like Greek statues. Bones showed in his dark face, along his chest, and visible on each hip. Yet, so smooth were his muscles, and so tightly lay the covering of skin, that his bones did not make him look frail. On the contrary, they enhanced his litheness, and gave him that fine bone quality noticeable in savages, men who live close to the dark heart of earth, and not like those high born, grown fat and pale beneath tent and ceiling.

His black hair was long, coming to a V-shape at the nape of his neck, thick with unruly curls. His beard was black like smut as it encircled his thin red lips and came to a forked point below the tip of his chin. This same wiry black hair grew in profusion over his thick chest, all but covering his wine-colored nipples, ample beneath his armpits and in abundance below his navel where it spread to his groin like thick, curling wool. Hair flowed over his forearms, his thighs and calves, and dark trails around his trim ankles. But on his shoulders, down his spine and on his buttocks the skin was satin smooth, without a trace of hair, and there was no hair on the backs of his huge flexible hands nor on the tops of his feet. It seemed to grow only where it augmented his masculine attractiveness.

Teeth, like Murex shells, flashed whenever he smiled, and his eyes—framed in long black lashes—were always dancing. These eyes did not resemble those of his parents nor his parent's parents. But neither did his person. He had come as a creature of original potential, a beautiful dark god, apart in likeness and personality from any of his kin or his fellows.

But this was as it should be. He had been born a special child, for some special task to perform, and for this reason he showed none of the drabness which all his kin and acquaintances had in common, standing alone in his dark male beauty, unlike them in every way except for his human cravings.

And even his wanton desire, though the mainspring of his life, his very existence, had a special quality about it, an oddity overwhelmingly unreal. He never did anything, however casual, without artifice and finesse. None of his actions could ever be called common.

The Black Angel enjoyed the sumptuous privilege of wealth. He had inherited money and did not have to rely on an occupation for his welfare and his many pleasures. Also he had enough time to apply art to everything he said or did, whether it was conversation, dining, dancing, or sexual pleasures. And because time makes bore-

dom, he learned to be changeable. He searched for new pleasures, new diversions, new sounds, new odors, new bodies—bodies that could match his own. Since there were hundreds of bodies in the city, time became an avenue of rapture.

Awakening on his circular movable bed, one half of it equipped with silvery dials controlling a luminous screen, a radio, a phonograph, a three-dimensional television bubble, and an automatic hotplate and server, he tossed the amber colored spread off his naked body, went to the circular glass wall, and glanced down to the noisey streets below.

Automobiles sped along the snow white throughways, up ramps, and through tunneled avenues toward the fluted spires which rose to the sky.

Bored!

Having everything at his fingertips he wanted nothing! His only desire, his only preoccupation was sexual gratification. Instinctively energetic, glowing with health, his body was mature, and the blood ran hot in his veins. The pleasures of sex still fascinated him even though all other pleasures had been jaded. Sex then was his final goal on earth. His will was to experience all forms of sex. When sex palled, he would want to die.

But now, burning with lust, he had to fulfill his destiny. He had to drink love, devour it. He had to swallow it, caress it. His body and heart were filled with longing and with loneliness. He had to take as much love and sexual pleasure as he could, lapping it up like a love-starved man.

Going to an enormous persimmon-colored chart on the wall, a circle with a number of fantastic symbols and designs, he looked at it like a magician might gaze at a crystal ball, like a man under the spell of hypnotism, like a priest praying, and indeed he was feeling something of all these. Lifting a heavily ringed finger, he spun a dial which revolved rapidly for a moment, then slowed and stopped. On one side of the dial was a lens and he peered curiously through it and at the design beneath.

He smiled. It was going to be a good day.

Going to the white phone near his circular bed, he dialed a certain number. A voice answered on the other end of the line.

"Cornucopia Enterprises. Can I help you?"

"Yes," the Black Angel replied lowly, speaking with the receiver close to his lips. "I would like to examine one of your golden pillar candles."

"Very good!" said the voice on the other end

of the line. "We have several that have come to us recently. Do you prefer the large or small?"

The Black Angel considered for a brief moment. "It doesn't matter really. You see, I want it for ornamental purposes only. I have my own candle, which I shall put to use."

"Oh, I understand!" said the man on the phone. "I will have two of them delivered immediately."

"Only one," The Black Angel hastened to inform him. "Two may present a problem."

"Very well, just to your own taste, but we do have twins which I think you will enjoy. They are very popular this season."

"No, only the one."

The man on the line paused. "Is this a cash purchase or do you have an account with Cornucopia Enterprises?"

"I have a long standing account."

"The name please?"

"The Black Angel."

"Oh!" cried the man on the phone. "Indeed you do have standing account. The golden candle will be delivered immediately."

"Thanks," said the Black Angel in visible anticipation. The man on the phone came back insistently, almost with impatience: "Hope you enjoy the blond—I mean golden candle, sir."

The Black Angel hung up.

While he waited for his purchase to arrive, he signaled for Toha, his Japanese houseboy. When the boy, a handsome, lithe figure with shining black hair and almond eyes, stepped noiselessly into the emerald tiled living room the Black Angel ordered breakfast. The Black Angel then reclined on his enormous round bed watching the news of the Capitol on his three-dimensional screen bubble until Toha brought in an ebony tray and set it before him, bowed, then departed.

The meal contained all the elements essential for the Black Angel's goal of the day: milk fresh from the Island goat, four kitchen spoons dripping with honey directly from the comb, a cup of hot sassafras tea, the raw genitals of a young Breton bull, camphor nuts fried in salt, and two lush, ripe figs.

As he ate his breakfast, he idly listened to the speaker's voice on the bubble and allowed his eyes to roam about his quarters, picking out details here and there, wondering how his luxurious pad would impress the golden candle: the white stucco walls, the heavy African wood furnishings, the murals in tinted Spanish leather, the statues of red and black-veined marble, the huge Inca disc of burnt stone, the miniature sheshamwood tables used as stools, the golden El

Abanico fan plaque, oriental panel screens, the tasseled floor pillows in every exotic shade, the many-jeweled mosaic ashtrays, the leather covered flasks, the replica of a seaman's chest of black walnut, and the many things he had brought with him from the orient when he had imported Toha: Foo dog figurines, solid brass aftaba, dynasty figures, ginger jars, butterfly silhouettes of gold, and an elephant garden seat of glazed stoneware.

The golden candle would indeed be pleased!

No sooner had he thought this than a musical chime sounded at the red oriental door. Still naked (he never wore clothes indoors) he went up the three shallow tiled steps to the entranceway. He opened the door and in walked a young boy, not over eighteen, so blond that his hair looked as if the strands were gold. In his strong, clean hands he held a candle of yellow wax.

"They call me John at Cornucopia Enterprises," the boy said, bowing gracefully. "I hope I please you, sir."

The Black Angel gave him one careful glance, which swept him instantly from head to toe.

"We shall see," the Black Angel informed him coldly. He was merely renting a body for the day and there was no reason to be sentimental about it. He motioned for the boy to enter. Then he

turned the lock in the door and they went directly to the enormous amber spread bed. Immediately, the Black Angel sprawled on the bed on his back, extended his arms and legs, lifting his thighs willingly.

He looked intently at the boy as he stripped off his garments, unhusking before him unashamed. But he had no reason to blush with shame, for shame of the nude had long since been bred out of the individual of this era.

"According to my sex zodiac you suck and swallow," said the Black Angel as the boy climbed on the bed and lay on his stomach between the Black Angel's enormous thighs.

"That I do," the boy replied, nodding obediently. "It is for this task that I have been trained, and I must perform my job well or my boss will dismiss me. Enjoyable occupations are scarce, so I make certain, sir, that I do mine well. If I fail to please..."

"Get with it!" the Black Angel yelled impatiently. "I paid you to suck, not blow wind! You rap so much my horn is as soft as a sponge and my seeds hang so loosely in their sack they ache from the weight. Get with it! Work me into a lather!"

Obediently, the boy altered the position of his body so that he would be more comfortable for

the task he was paid to do. He began to play with the Black Angel's gargantuan horn. His small hands, a child's compared to those of the Black Angel, slid through the thick mat of wiry black hair, curling the strands in his fingers. Then, where the enormous horn, lifting now like a hardening mushroom coming all moist and warm from the bed of earth, came to a radiant point, he cupped his hand, allowing his fingers to caress lovingly and at times thrusting his little finger into the red opening. Moving from one area of the Black Angel's groin to the other, exploring, he took the huge seeds, which were larger than ripe gourds, in both hands, lifted them as if to test their weight, dropped them carefully and resumed feeling the snake-like veins which crawled like hard cords up the long length of the Angel's turgid horn.

Knowing now that the Black Angel was prepared, not only by the size and lift of his horn, but by the twitching of his buttocks back and forth, the boy called John took a complete set of false teeth from his mouth and laid them on the elephant seat at the foot of the bed.

The Black Angel, with his arms extended, his hands behind his head, opened his eyes at the halt in sexual play and checked on what the boy was doing.

"By the gods!" he cried hoarsely, noticing the boy putting the ivories aside. "False teeth, and you so young!"

"My real teeth have been extracted," the boy explained, still holding the Angel's horn with one encircled palm. "This is done before we go in training at Cornucopia Enterprises to suck. It's impossible to learn the technique properly otherwise."

The Black Angel lifted an eyebrow. This was what he considered a real accommodation. And no sooner had he thought it than the boy lifted his body up and brought his opened mouth down over the Black Angel's upright horn. The saliva coated lips slid down to the nest of black hair, inspiring thrill upon thrill in the Angel's churning loins. Also thrilling was the play of the boy's tongue, which wound round and round, licking like a cow at a block of salt. Then the boy's mouth rose and fell with the rapidity of a dasher in a churn of cream, completely bathing the taut horn until it shone like wet plastic. On and on he kept his mouth rising and falling, never faltering, never relenting, until the molten sperm gushed from the Angel's luxuriant horn into the boy's mouth and down his throat.

Sapped now, siphoned of all his energy, his joyous pleasure coming to an abrupt ending, the

Black Angel went cold and hostile. No longer could he endure the touch of the boy, his hands on his hard, coarse body, his mellowness, his softness he had so gloried in but a moment ago.

Lifting his huge right leg, he placed his foot in the boy's face and shoved. The boy went backwards, grabbing for the persimmon spread for support. He slid across the tiled floor and slammed into the wall on the other side of the room.

"Did I not please you, sir?" the boy asked meekly. He pulled himself up, reached nervously for his clothes.

"Tell that Cornucopia Enterprises the next time I call they had better send me a suck-expert, or I'll close my account with them!"

The Black Angel drew the spread over his naked body, as if, after sex and passion, he no longer wanted the boy to look on his robust body.

The boy dressed and hurried from the room. As he reached the door, the Black Angel picked up a pillow, slung it at him with all his sapped strength. "Out! Out!" he cried, the blood running to his brain. Then he yelled uproariously for his houseboy, Toha.

The boy immediately entered the room.

The Black Angel gazed up at him with distraut and piteous eyes.

"Toha, I am weary," the Black Angel said, his body spread eagled, realizing, with a pang of malicious deviltry, that the Japanese youth was admiring his masculinity, momentarily and selfishly thrilled as he watched the boy's glittering gaze wander over his dark nakedness. "Wet a towel in warm water. Wash the slime from my horn."

The boy obeyed, returning from the bath with a towel which he applied lovingly, almost with adoration, on the Black Angel's loins, as he knelt obediently in the hollow of his uplifted thighs.

The Second Day

The Black Angel woke with a jolt. He had been dreaming about walking over a mountain of naked bodies. Gaining the top of the mountain of flesh, squirming in among naked thighs and arms, he had sunk deeper and deeper until he could no longer get his breath. Slipping out of sight, going down, down into a smelly sewer of numan anatomies, he had awakened.

Sprawled naked on his enormous round bed, he lay for a moment thinking about this dream, whether it had any significance or held something for his immediate future. He concluded that it could not. Dreams are but for dreams' sake, he reasoned. Men had dreamed and had used those dreams to prophesy. But all were no

more than dreams, told as warnings, to frighten, to enhance, to dominate. Like David and Jacob and Solomon.

Musing on his dream, he remembered that the bodies had lain in a scarlet sunset light, the naked limbs and bellies were gory, writhing, not dead but not alive, like the agonized bodies in Dante's Divine Comedy. Some of them were smeared with blood, others bluish-gray, still others had arms pulled from sockets, knees misshapen, necks like the neck of a chicken when the head is wrung. Gruesome! Yet in his dream he had sadistically enjoyed pressing his bare toes into the wounds, pinching nipples, gouging eyes from their bleeding sockets, pushing his toes up bloody rectums, trampling on spongy seeds and male horns which wreathed like serpents under torture. Yet, even though he had marched over them, they had swallowed him up in the morass of warm flesh!

What did it all mean?

Not one to pursue an abstraction, he looked down his naked length, enjoyed the sight of his own nakedness to blank out his nightmarish dream. His hard thighs were spread, the black hair on them standing up like coarse briars in the early dawn light. He could not see his horn and seeds that sank so limply between his hairy legs.

Sliding his right hand down his body, pausing lovingly at his navel, he sensed the thrill of his own touch, the narcissism within his true nature lending itself playfully to his new mood. His hand went slowly through the field of black hair, lifted his limp horn and began to strip it back and forth. At each stroke, the tips of his fingers contacted nerve endings along his horn, sending flashes through his entire body like bolts of lightning. Under his touch, his sex play, his horn lifted itself like a derrick being pulled from the horizon of his belly by invisible ropes, like a missile slanting on its launcher. The veins beginning to harden, molding into shape. The head, like a magnificent red mushroom, throbbed silently, spreading with each downward stroke of his fingers, throbbing in rhythm with his heart. And as it throbbed his eyes drank his fill of it, devouring it with his eyes. At each throb he felt the rim of the head spread out, moving in a kind of symbiotic growth of its own. It was so huge now that his hand could not encircle it completely, his fingers lacking an inch and a half of touching. When he tried to slide his fist up its length, in an effort to pull the foreskin over the head, a dam of loose meat welled up under the head. Gripping harder, he gyrated his buttocks to the thrill of his own loving.

Still playing with it, he closed his eyes and conjured up a picture of a young body smooth and golden to the touch, so soft that he longed to plunge his hardened horn into the spongy warmth of it, cutting a deep red hole, ramming it until the nectar blasted out of his horn, giving him momentary relief.

Without letting his hand slacken his grip on his upright horn, he reached for his white telephone. He dialed a number. A voice said hello on the other end of the line.

"This is the Black Angel," he said to the delicate, attentive voice, a disembodied voice.

"Can we be of some service, sir?"

"Yes you can," the Black Angle said, with authority. Every nerve was tightening in his body now and, as he joyfully played with himself, beads of perspiration popped out on his forehead. "I want to speak to you about that fellatio affair you sent me yesterday. How can you expect me to continue my account with you if you insist on sending me inferior goods?"

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line. Then: "I beg your pardon, sir. You must have the wrong number."

The Black Angel leaned closer to the phone, his body going to one side so that his horn

chafed the silken sheet as he pulled at it, threading the skin back and forth unconsciously.

"This is Cornucopia Enterprises, isn't it?" he growled.

He could hear the man take a nervous, catchy breath.

"Sir, we handle only merchandise of the most fabulous quality. Statues, furniture, clothes, handwrought novelties, works of art...nothing more." He breathed hard. "Absolutely nothing more!"

"But that golden candle you called him," the Black Angel went on persistently, losing his patience. "Worthless! Absolutely worthless! The next time you send up a callow boy like that again I'll expose you like..."

The line clicked as the man hung up.

Enraged, the Black Angel rammed his fist hard into the silken mattress. He had to have satisfaction, or he'd go mad! He leaped off the bed, glanced for but a moment at his naked reflection as he dashed across the cold tile, noticed his huge limp horn as it slapped against his thighs and his enormous seeds as they bobbled from their pale sling. He went to the dial and spun it. While he waited for it to rotate around the circle of symbols he lifted his seeds and

fondled them. The dial stopped. He squinted an eye, studied the image through the lens.

He went back to the bed, picked up the phone and dialed the same number.

Another voice said: "Cornucopia Enterprises! Can I help you?"

In a calmer voice this time the Black Angel said: "I think you can. I am looking for a crimson fruit bowl. Do you have one stock?"

"Oh, definitely!" purred the voice. "Do you want the small or economy size, sir?"

"The small," the Black Angel answered. "It's not to be a very large party, you see. Strictly private."

"I understand thoroughly," the voice said. "The one I have in mind will be adequate indeed, that is, if your party is not very big!"

The Black Angel gulped. He wasn't quite certain he comprehended what the clerk had implied. He made an attempt to alter the situation.

"It's an enormous party, clerk. What I was trying to say is that it will be filled with punch only once, got it?"

There was a light chuckle over the phone. "I will send it right up, sir." Then added rakishly: "Hope your party is a success!"

The Black Angel hung up the receiver and rolled over on his back. He signaled for Toha.

The Japanese boy hurried into the room. There was a white fluffy towel draped over one arm, and the shimmer of his emerald and turquoise tunic gleamed radiantly in the morning light shining in through the tall glass panels.

"Toha, I am to have a visitor. Bring the gel from the bath and prepare my horn for penetration."

The boy hastened to the bath and returned immediately with a glass urn filled with green translucent gel. Kneeling between the Black Angel's spread thighs, he dabbed the gel on his seeds, massaged the slick jelly-like liquid over his horn and into the mass of black hair, rubbing the substance in until his groin glistened like wet silk.

A chime rang in the foyer. The Japanese boy picked up the urn and crept noiselessly from the room.

The Black Angel said: "Come in." An instant later a boy entered the foyer, came down the shallow tiled steps to where the Black Angel lay sprawled on the bed, his horn ready and turgid with want. In the boy's hands was a crimson bowl which he held out for the Black Angel to admire, then he set it on the lowboy.

"Take off your clothes," the Black Angel ordered, which the boy did immediately. "I pray

you are better than the one they sent me yesterday. I understood Cornucopia Enterprises was renown in fellatio and penilingus merchandise."

"We're gravely disappointed that you were not pleased yesterday with our golden candle," the boy apologized, slipping out of his white corselet (a garment all the youths wore) and eased toward the bed. "Our sole aim is to please our worthy clients. The golden candle has been dismissed from our ranks. I hope today this disgrace will not befall me."

"For your sake I hope not," the Black Angel said gruffly, laying his head in the crook of his arm, so that his gaze would be lifted higher. "Stand in the light so that I can get a good look at you. Anal intercourse is a specialty and if you're not shaped for it then it is like ramming a sack of corn."

The boy went to the light and posed obediently. He was like a spray of light himself as the Black Angel's gaze devoured him, drinking in his sturdy thighs, slick as polished buttons, his rounded buttocks like soft, brown buns, the deep arch in his spine, his broad curving shoulders, all as smooth, as untarnished as silk. The boy then turned to face him which, for anal satisfaction, wasn't important, but he longed to display himself. The hair under his armpits, along his chest,

and around his pubic region had been shaved, giving him, for the sake of anal pleasures, a completeness in sleekness and divinity, as if he had just stepped from a pool of soapy water, slick to the touch, as he should be, as he had trained his body to be, a natural form to be mounted from the rear, to be taken without blunder or awkwardness.

"Come to the bed and lie on your belly," the Black Angel demanded of the boy, patting a place for him on the crimson silk spread.

The boy moved catlike and lay down on the bed beside him. "I am Mark," he whispered.

"Spread your legs," the Black Angel cried. The boy obeyed. With a trembling hand, the Black Angel turned on his left side and ran his fingers up the boy's inner thigh. Then, slowly, he slid his hand up to the part in his buttocks, rammed a finger into his rectum quickly to see if he would flinch. The boy never moved. Then, rising up on his haunches, the Black Angel lowered his huge body down over the boy's and, with one thrust, penetrated him with his hard, slick horn, pushed harder, tearing the rectum, as the tightness of flesh blistered his huge horn. Still shoving, his knees and the tips of his toes and the palms of his hands the only portions of his body touching the bed, he made a final and

desperate lunge. His gel-slick horn cut deeper, gliding all the way as deep as it would go. The Black Angel lowered his belly down over the boy's soft, warm buttocks. Running his huge muscular arms under the boy's, he brought them up and locked his hands at the nape of the boy's neck. With this firm hold, he had the boy's torso in his power. The boy couldn't move any part of his own body except his buttocks and to spread further his thighs, pinned in the Black Angel's grip, and, with his young face pressed in the pillow, muffled, his smooth fists doubled up in hard knots from pain, he could do nothing but wait.

Having brought the boy to bay in his gargantuan power, his huge, dark body all but covering him, massive thighs crammed between those of the boy's, now spread as wide as possible, the Black Angel began to work on him. Lifting his body up and down ferociously, bringing the shoulders of the boy up each time he lifted his own weight, the Black Angel shoved and plunged, almost at first with abandon, jabbing his gel-slick horn in and out again, withdrawing it so that only the head was in then, with a mighty downward stroke, sending it to the deepest recesses of the boy's twitching buttocks, only to withdraw it lovingly, longingly, slowly,

then downward again like a battering ram breaking into and through a door. Each time he shoved downward the boy let out muffled groans, and the growls and groans that poured from the Black Angel's lips made them sound like animals.

At each thrust of the savage horn, their bodies writhed more and more. It cut and gored and wrung blood and dug a hole in the boy like a desperate live thing, a blind serpent digging its way through the flesh, the cave whose walls closed over it, chafing lovingly, lipping the veins and the hub of the huge, blind head, registering sensation upon sensation until the gaping mouth in the head opened and spit out its warm semen. As it did so, the Black Angel's body stiffened, every muscle in his huge dark form growing taut, every vein stretched, every nerve giving out flashes inner lightning, and the body of the boy beneath, imprisoned, felt the wet horn vomit, felt the vomit spread through him like sap spilling down a landside, and his buttocks went limp under the hardness of the Angel.

For a moment both lay breathing heavily, like steam boilers, the Black Angel relaxing his grip on the boy, every pore dripping perspiration, every sinew and vein strung like guts hung in the

sun to dry. Then unwound their arms, lifted their thighs, separated.

"Lick off my slime," the Black Angel instructed the boy, now that his passion had waned. With shaking limbs, he got on his all-fours like a dog, while the boy turned around and, like a colt at its mother, thrust his head under the Black Angel's belly, thrust out his tongue, and licked away the gel, the sperm, and the sweat, with it the salt of the huge body humped above him, sucking at the thick black hair, pulling with his mouth and tongue the enormous seeds, grown salty too in sexual passion.

As he did this to the Black Angel, cleansing him thoroughly with his tongue, the Black Angel's eyes roamed over the boy's shiny rump, along the smooth inner thighs, and he had an impulse to lick away the boy's sweat, to caress the boy's dangling seeds with his own tongue, but some caution checked his craving. He turned his gaze away from the beautiful buttocks.

This maddened him and, lifting himself, he clasped both his hands into a club and brought that club down against the back of the boy's neck with all his strength. The boy buckled under the weight.

The Black Angel stood up. He called for Toha.

The Japanese boy came running.

"Dress this scum and get him out of my pad!" he demanded belligerently. "Then, give me a bath!"

Toha gave a slight bow then proceeded to do as his employee had asked.

While he waited for Toha to dispose of the unconscious boy, the Black Angel retired to his globe-ceilinged library, thumbed through his album of three-dimensional nudes while he lovingly played with himself, bringing his beautiful horn to another erection and emitting another efflux of semen.

Then he screamed for Toha to cleanse his shuddering thighs.

The Third Day

In the shadowy hush of dusk the Black Angel paced his pad naked. He was in a fit of hypersexual energy. He had endured the entire day without any sex, due to his inward shame over his sudden desire to tongue the boy sent up to him from Cornucopia Enterprises and, being so ferociously masculine, one of the few savages left in this super-cultural tribe, he couldn't live with himself.

Yet, the urge persisted, and now, pacing his abode like a wild animal in a cage, he knew an unwanted change was coming about. A rumor of change glowed in his loins, and he suspected that this rumor would swell into something ponderous and uncontrollable.

In his time, love was practically non-existant. Females no longer gave birth to children. Sperm was collected in procreation banks, united with ova, and placed in incubators until the child matured enough to be extracted. Males no longer mated with females except for brief phlegmatic sexual interludes, almost identical to their matings with other males. It was no longer necessary or desirable for males and females to meet, love one another, and join forces. In this push-button world, the world of computers, a world where man was left practically free to do as he pleased, he had lost his will to struggle. Without it, man moved in a motiveless limbo, catering to his own immediate physical pleasures, the lusts which bound, one day to another like the links in a chain.

Now, as if the call of the past were luring him, beckoning him into the old raw, savage ways of existing, he began to feel compassion, desire for something, someone other than physical forms, arms, thighs spread willingly, bodily hair, muscles, glowing complexions sinewy shoulders, rounded buttocks, all the sensuous curves and planes of the human anatomy, bodily beauty and functions. He felt a need for sensations pouring outward from the mind and heart.

Ringed in a fire of physical cravings, allowing

his robust, supercharged body the pleasures it sought, slaking the thirsts of his body, he feared this new sensation coming upon him like a dark shadow, and in fearing it realized, from his vast knowledge of past history, that with such desires he would become weak. So he fought it like a man fighting the enclosure of a cell, daring to break his way to freedom.

With sweat on his naked hide plastering the hair along his groin and thighs to his skin, he frantically went to an mirror on the wall and took notes of his nakedness, as if, through his rapid transformation, he could see some physical change.

His body servant and houseboy, Toha, had the day off. Pulling up a taboret, he sat down directly in front of the mirror and viewed his dark nakedness. This pleased him immensely. He, like his kind, had always admired his own beauty, and drew great energy from the sensations his own body provoked. His own body could, without hesitation, arouse him sexually and, in desiring his own body with undisciplined lusts, he had never given consideration to the fact that, through this common enough desire, he was implanting the seed for adoration in others of his own sex. Heretofore, he had taken the bodies from the Cornucopia Enterprises only for his

own sexual gratification, using them brutally, anyway he saw fit, so long as he had satisfied the savage craving of his instinctive nature, a throwback to his ancestors to a time when men took what they wanted and never bothered their heads to consider the consequences.

Lifting both legs, he planted his bare feet high up on the mirror, and wide apart, so that he could get a clear view of his inner thighs, his rectum. It was a double view in fact, each view presenting a different angle, therefore a double thrill. In one view he could look down his own length, where his mighty horn lay at an angle, wrapped in black hair, and in the other the view he would have if he were twins and desiring to mount his twin in anal intercourse.

Seeing the double image, so wantonly desirable to him, the veins along his neck popped out vividly, and sweat poured down his face, dripped off the end of his chin. Lifting his seeds in the cup of one hand, weighing them, he put his index finger of his other hand in his mouth and wet it thoroughly. Then in one sure thrust, he rammed it up his rectum, all the while squirming his buttocks. Applying this bit of motivation as a novelty, he hammered his finger up and down for a matter of minutes, then rejected it. Then, with the dexterity of an acrobat, he inched the tabor-

et up until his rectum touched the reflection of his rectum in the mirror. This image he studied curiously for a brief moment until he tired of the sensation it conjured. Then lowering his head and the same time lifting his torso by placing his hands under his buttocks as a fulcrum, he brought his hard horn and his mouth within an inch of touching. This anxious desire empowered him with a sense of bodily struggle, which was a thrill by itself, and with every effort of his savage strength he tried to force that extra inch. His spine felt about to snap, and the back of his neck ached. Blood rushed to his face, turning it red, and the more he strained the more maddening his desire. Sticking out his tongue to its full length, he managed to touch the opening at the tip end of his pulsating horn, but that was as far as he could reach without breaking his back. With his lolling tongue he caressed the head of his horn for awhile then, fatigued, breathless, he let go his hold on his own body, fell on the tiled floor.

He had to have sex!

Agile as an animal, he leaped up from the floor and went to the circular chart on the wall. Emotionally worked up now, his horn thrust out from his crotch like the limb of a tree, he stood in front of the dials. He longed to select the type of

body he wanted and to do what with, but he realized from a long succession of trying, that he could not cheat the machine. It had been installed by Cornucopia Enterprises, and was guaranteed to last three hundred and sixty five days, each day presenting a sensation different from the one proceding it. At the moment any bodily contact would suffice.

His whole body throbbed.

He manipulated the dial, peered through the lens, then went to the phone.

"A satin pillow," he said into the amplifier after the man on the other end of the line keyed him in to the destination of his call.

"It will be delivered immediately," the voice said.

While he waited, the Black Angel went into the galley and prepared himself a strong drink. With this he mixed a solution to increase potency. And while he drank it slowly he ate a raw bull seed still warm from the kill. The blood from its inner juices stained his lips and black beard, which added immensely to his carnal savageness.

He downed pigments of honey-bee dust, and swallowed with lush delight grapes dipped in goats' urine. When this was done he turned on music from the state capitol and adjusted the indirect lighting within the translucent mortar

between the tiles so that the flooring would glow a bright emerald. He drew the curtains caparisoned with iridescent seed pearls, making the pad as attractive as he could, without bothering to ask himself why. Then, mad with lust, he sprawled on the white silk spread and waited.

He did not have long to wait.

The chime sounded and, when he had bade the caller to enter, a handsome youth, perhaps the most handsome youth the Black Angel had every laid eyes on, came into the foyer and stood waiting his next orders.

With anxious longing, his nerves tauting, his heart thumping loudly, the Black Angel raised up on one elbow and studied the youth with savagely burning eyes. Speechless for once, he bade the boy to come closer, all the while groping at his own aroused crotch.

The boy, with a satin pillow in his hands, came down from the elevated foyer and stood before the enormous bed.

"I am Simon," he said lowly, his voice melodious, like silk itself going over his lisping tongue. He tossed the pillow carefully on the bed and, without being asked, began to disrobe. A moment more he stood before the Black Angel completely naked.

"You are beautiful!" said the Black Angel,

swallowing the youth with his gaze, admirin
him with his eyes.

The youth was blond, a startling contrast t
the Black Angel's coarse ruggedness, his fero
cious darkness. His skin was like velvet, utterly
hairless, and no wrinkles showed themselves o
his face, his neck, along his elbows or knees. H
gleamed with sleek good health.

"Come here," the Black Angel said with trem-
bling breath, his huge brown hand reaching out
eagerly. The youth advanced, so close that the
hand of the Black Angel automatically slid in
between his thighs which he caressed lovingly,
rubbing the smooth skin with fingers that shook.
The Black Angel caught hold of the boy's seeds,
held them in a firm grip, weighed them by bal-
ancing them from one side of his palm to the
other, and studying them as if the boy were a
slave on the auction block. Then, heedless of his
own demeanor, he took hold of the boy's horn,
turned it in his fingers, tugged at the loose skin,
pressing the spongy meat until it hardened.

The Black Angel was tremendous now, more
savage than ever, his huge body towering like a
giant's beside that of the graceful youth who
stood waiting, obedient for the master's sign, yet
seemingly unmoved, as shiny and as cold as
porcelain, a doll of glass, an unapproachable me-

dium who, without moving or luring, was causing the primitive body of the Black Angel to quiver, his loins in upheaval, his lifted thighs shaking.

Reaching out both hands, the Black Angel drew the youth down onto the bed and into his huge, hairy arms, all the while trembling from toe to lip, and his breath coming in wild, jerky heaves. Laying the youth on his back, The Black Angel thrust one powerful leg over him, lifted his body up and, guiding his hard horn, pushed it between the boy's tightly pressed thighs. The horn separated the legs just below where the boy's seed hung, and buried itself like a worm in soft moist earth as the Black Angel's body pressed downward.

Then, enfolding the young, tender body, caressing him with quivering hands, his own dark body engulfing the smallness of the youth beneath, he continued to press his horn in between the boy's thighs with rapid thrusts, slow and certain at first, enjoying the pull of the flesh against the head of his turgid meat, drawing his own buttocks to a tension he thoroughly enjoyed. Then, holding the boy all the tighter, he began to manipulate his torso faster, his slick horn making a red trail between the boys thighs, his buttocks fidgeting, swaying from side to side, then up and down again, each time digging

deeper. As the sperm built with his hard, dark body, coming to vivid life deep inside him, the Black Angel twitched all the more, and with each jerk of his behind, extracting his hard, throbbing horn or inserting it crudely, he clung to the boy's shoulders as if they were a lifeline, his massive arms embracing him fondly, as the boy in turn embraced him, both bodies locked, fretted from passion.

The Black Angel could sense each movement of his horn as it split the boy's thighs, wedging between the pillars of soft, warm flesh. The fine nerve centers along the head of it ran wild rhythms up his groin to explode in his pelvis. Each time the pithy head rose and fell those nerves relayed to him exactly in which position his hard horn rode in relation to the rounded, melon-smooth thighs. With each thrust, trying to sink his horn to the very recesses of the boy's anatomy, he could feel the tip end of its head caressing the soft tissues of the boy's rectum, not piercing the opening, but playing bluntly around the soft orbs of his buttocks.

Working himself into a frenzy now, the Black Angel experienced with the whole of his savage frame the thrill of screwing the youth between his thighs, a raw agitated sensation more intense than screwing his anal region.

With his instinctive hypersexual energies, augmented with his daily pills and diets for active and prolonged sexual activities, he became, after shoving and probing, a thing grown wild. The bed groaned, shook, slid askew and their bodies, locked, fettered with chains of passion, moved up and down with the cadence of waves tossing together on an angry sea. In his sex thrusts, flinging his hairy legs wildly with abandon, clinging to the boy's shoulders, but never retracting his organ from its inflamed hole, he bit the boy's neck, ripping away flesh, and clung to him so ferociously the boy could hardly get his breath.

Then, with his last prod he spattered sperm under the boy's seeds, bathed them in the molten semen and, as he did so, the whole of his savage body rigid, grown as taut over the small youth beneath as a marble statue, magnifying his weight, his gargantuan length, he stiffened as the last ounce of sperm flushed out, then drop after drop as, lifting his buttocks slowly, and with thrill, enjoying these precious drops to the end of his passion. And as the last hot drop shot out of the head of his horn he pressed down lovingly against the soft, warm belly of the boy, as if attempting to bury himself in the lovable flesh tissues. Momentarily, obeying that infamous something he could not understand about

himself, his passiveness dictated a whim of compassion and, without hesitation, as if being willed to it naturally, he kissed the boy on the cheek, then warmly on his mouth, burying the boy's face in his black beard, still wet with blood from the seeds of the young bull, then inserting his soft tongue, probed, sucked at the tongue within. Their saliva mixed, made a molten sea where their tongues encircled and, as an entirely new thrill raced through his every turgid vein, the Black Angel lifted his hands and cupped them around the boy's lovely face. With every fingertip touched with passion, he caressed the boy's upturned face, kissed his eyes, his brow, then slid down to his lips again.

"I love for you to kiss me," the boy whispered out of reverence, awed naturally by the ferocious savage who lay on top of him drowning in his own sperm.

The Black Angel had loved it too, but the idea of it put into words momentarily shocked him, and his body went limp, cold. A moment ago, his hands had held passion in their shallow depths and each touch of his fingers was a sexual caress, but now they became as hard as steel. In a rage, he slid them around the boy's throat and closed his fingers until the boy's face turned blue.

"You little he-bitch!" the Black Angel half-

screamed, crouching above him like a raging animal, the black hair on his body bristled. "Trying to pervert me! I ought to kill you!"

His fingers gripped tighter. Tears streamed down the boy's face, and he struggled to free himself from the vise-like hold.

"Please, sir!" he murmured, fighting for breath. "If I fail to please you, I'll be discharged like the others. Let me go!"

Surprisingly, through some nuptial memory of his mating with this lovely boy, the Black Angel let go. He had actually reveled in the sex charade with the boy's soft, wondrous body and common reasoning related to him a promise of raptures to come.

"Dress and then get out!" he said then with obvious hate. "You tell anyone I've put my mouth on yours, like a man with a woman, I'll pull out your tongue with my own hands!"

"My lips are sealed," the boy assured, cowering in the middle of the bed. His enormous eyes gazed up into the Black Angel's with a kind of caged horror. Moving cat-like out of the Black Angel's reach, he slid off the bed and hastened to his clothes and dressed. Then, with daring, he came back to where the Black Angel stood and gazed with alluring eyes up at his.

"You are the most savage male I have ever

seen," he cried, declaring his own convictions, baring his true, instinctive emotions, despite the consequences. "May I come back again soon? To please you as I crave with all my heart to please you. May I?"

The Black Angel gazed down at the boy's uplifted face, noticed with alarm his expression, the slant of his painted eyebrows, the long lusty lashes framing his glittering eyes, his pursed lips, his trembling chin, and he almost smiled back a winning smile.

"I never give myself twice to any male," he answered, unable to control the deceiving blink of his own imprisoned eyes.

"Please!" the boy implored, sinking to his knees. Immodestly, he reached out both hands salaciously, pulled at the Black Angel's hard thighs, bringing him in so near he kissed the meaty horn on the tip end of its head.

A thrill raced up the Black Angel's spine. This was not merely a touch, a kiss of sex. It was more than that. Much more. Like a caress of the heart, and that simple caress gored its way through his own body, up through his heaving lungs and to the rapid beating of his own heart. This musn't be! This softness! This mental feeling, this compassionate joy! He had to curb it.

He had to kill it, before it grew into something horrid.

Reaching down, he caught the boy by the hair of his head and jerked him to his feet, as the boy let out a piercing scream. He drove a hard fist into his soft belly, then another to his jaw. When the boy was down, writhing on the cold, emerald-lit tiles, his doubled body illuminated with the soft glowing light, he kicked him again and again with his toes in his ribs, in his lovely, curving spine, in the crack of his buttocks.

"Now get, you bitch!" he shouted, giving him a last prod with the heel of his foot.

The boy, clutching his side, bent double, leaped up quickly from the floor. In one horrified gaze he turned to the Black Angel as if to search out in his expression something other than malicious torture, some inward signs of compassion, but he found none. All passion, all sex had fled and the bearded face he saw staring back at him hastened his terror and his urge to flee. A second more and he was through the bejeweled door, and out of the pad, beyond the Black Angel's reach.

In almost dumb despair, the Black Angel slumped on the bed, grievous for what he had done, as beautiful images of the boy's handsome body welled up in his thoughts to haunt him.

"I am truly a demon," he cried beneath his muffled breath, as he lay his tasseled, sex fatigued head in his ringed hands. "I am going to hell! I am going to my father's father's hell!"

He heard a soft scudding of feet on the threshold, thinking, almost with joy, that the boy who had called himself Simon had returned for him to make love to anew, he lifted weary eyes and gazed in that direction. He fell disappointed.

It was Toha.

"I have been shopping," Toha said, entering the ringed section of the room and to the foot of the tumbled bed, his arms loaded with brightly wrapped packages.

"So what!" The Black Angel snapped, completely and thoroughly annoyed, as everything annoyed him these days that had no connection with sex.

The Japanese boy looked abashed.

In modest, but trembling reserve, not knowing exactly how to interpret the Black Angel's mood, he held out one of the packages to him. "I have a gift for you."

"What is it?" the Black Angel asked, bored to the point of rage.

"A talking book, my master."

"A talking book!" The Black Angel sat up in bed, his nakedness even more sensuous under the

emerald glow of the floor lights. "It's on sex I gather." He took the package, unwrapped it. He glanced at the label, at the three-dimensional photograph of a white haired, wrinkled old man on the cover.

"The Prophet!" he cried, then flung the book aside. "You know I cannot endure the sight of an old man. I hate them." He said this last very lowly, in memory of the golden youth whom he had made love to but a moment before. It was like comparing a golden peach to a dried clot of dung. "If an old man touched me I think I would die. The very thought chills me to the bone!"

The Japanese boy bowed his head in genuine shame. "It is a talking book of wisdom, sir, and I understand you thrive on wisdom, as do the ancients in my own country."

The Black Angel looked up at him with eyes askew. "You think me ancient?"

"By Buddha, no!" the boy replied, turning visibly pale. "You are magnificent, sir. You are a dark and sinewy god in my humble eyes."

The Black Angel drew in his growing wrath. He looked at the raven haired Japanese boy, actually for the first time. Seeing him as he was, physically, for the first time. He had seen him coming and going in his abode for months, wait-

ing on him hand and foot, but never really looking at him, never really seeing him as he was. Now, for the first time he realized how handsome the boy really was: his complexion smooth, his slanting eyes demure, beguiling, his lips heavily outlined in harsh contrast to his otherwise soft features, the glow of the skin along his naked collarbone, the nimbleness of his small but strong hands.

"I am lonely," he said as he reclined on the rumbled bed, his gaze still on the boy. "Come and sleep beside me. Tell me of your people."

The boy instantly, almost gladly obeyed. But he lay down with his clothes still on, his body far to the opposite side of the bed, and this annoyed the Black Angel. He wondered curiously what he would look like naked, how the hair grew around his pubic region, if his horn were big or small. This curiosity angered and affected him all the more, bringing his emotions to a boil. After all, he was of superior blood and Toha was hardly above the station of a slave. Yet . . .

The Fourth Day

The Black Angel, though wrathful and filled with guilt, nontheless craved young males for a sex play with all the greater desperation, and with this desperation a dogged determination to have them whenever and however he pleased. Yet, noticing that the sex-zodiac seemed, each time, to issue more and more delicate males, almost feminine, thawing his cold, hostility toward the opposite sex, those he had grown to hate over the years. He still had to rely on the sex-zodiac and Cornucopia Enterprises for his sex flesh.

It was no longer safe for him to cull young men from the streets, pick them up in his silver automobile and bring them to his pad, for the

vice police knew his reputation too well, and imprisonment one more time, he realized with painful memory, would be the end of him. Imprisonment was one thing, but the sex starved brutality of the inmates was entirely another. He shuddered at the thought of going out into the streets and selecting young meat of his choice.

Suspiciously, he believed the sex-zodiac chart had been purposely rigged as a ruse to change his desires, to pervert him into a homosexual so that he would add one more to that vast army which was sweeping the nation like a plague. He used young, handsome men for his sexual appetites because he had long since made a vow to be completely and always through with women. He had grown to prefer the rugged male to the critical velvet-and-satin women, the male's hardness to the female's cold practicality. Men could be warm in their sexual maneuvering, while he found women to be enormously fickle and frigid. Too, men praised his handsomeness, his good looks, made flattering comments about his gargantuan organ, his enormous seeds, the way the thick wooly hair grew in wild profusion over his sinewy body, while women expected to be praised, flattered and told they were beautiful whether they were beautiful or not. Too, men wore no bodily make-up in order to enhance

their male beauty, while the female body was a mask, her true beauty, if she possessed any, completely hidden.

Born hypersexual, and prone to over-indulge, he thought and acted sex his every waking hour, and dreamed of sex in his sleep. His world had become a marked synaesthesia of sex. Nude bodies, preferably of the young, robust males, spun in his head constantly, floated in the air above him, sat with him, ate with him, slept with him and, even in the process of sex with one boy he could, if not too engrossed, dream up a substitute to replace him all the while the sex act was taking place.

So far, all these sex charades had been one-sided affairs. He had furnished the domineering male form. They had supplied the female form in disguise. But, lately, he had caught himself making advances, eyeing their male parts wantonly, fondling them. These additions had never seemed necessary before. It was they who had fondled him, who had made the loving advances, who had caressesd and adored his body, who had sucked his horn, and who had, in turn, allowed them to be victimized by anal intercourse. Actually he had all but run the gambit of sexual deviations and, perhaps it was for this reason that he had allowed his mind to alter its course

and began to think of the young men in terms of doing to them what they, before, had done to him. But this did not satisfy his stubborn nature, and he in turn blamed Cornucopia Enterprises for rigging the sex-zodiac in order to change him. Factually, he had not been the best favored of clients, though he always kept his membership dues paid and gave handsome bonuses at the end of each year.

Yet, he loved to become brutal to the young, degenerate punks who lay with him, starved for the thrill of violence he saw in their eyes when he let them suck him dry to follow with an about face. This sudden look of complete shock, the unbelief that he could be hot one minute and cold the next, never failed to have its thrills.

Today, despite his grief his guilt and shame, the change in his sexual desires, he felt amazingly festive. Naked, fresh from an emollient bath, a soft mint green towel thrown loosely around his broad shoulders, he went to the zodiac chart on the wall, spun the dial and waited. When it stopped he read the symbol through the lens in great anxiety. Though he mistrusted the symbol he had no other choice, so he went to his phone and called Cornucopia Enterprises. While he fondled his own prick, stripping it up and down its full length, covering its radiant knob

with the loose skin then slipping it back to the hilt lovingly, he introduced himself over the phone.

"Oh," said the man on the line, as in disappointment. "What is it this time?"

"A lace handkerchief," the Black Angel said, waiting urgently for what that symbol would hold for him sexually. It sounded too feminine for his choice, but he needed sex and any body was better than no body at all.

"Well—I'm not certain we have one in stock today," the voice trailed off. "You see, Mr. Angel, so many of our customers seem to like our silk and lace handkerchiefs so much that we simply cannot keep them in stock."

"In other words, you don't want to," the Black Angel said suspiciously. "You understand, I've been considering withdrawing my account with you and opening a new one somewhere else."

"That's your privilege," said the voice.

The Black Angel let out a troubled sigh. The man had him check-mated. He had been rejected by practically every establishment in the city who used merchandise as a blind to supply young, sexual-ready men. In their eyes, and for such great risks, he had proven a poor customer and they had refused his business, even on a cash

and carry basis. He realized this profoundly, and knew he had made himself unpopular with Cornucopia.

"Are you going to deliver the lace handkerchief or not?" he asked, trying to keep his superior tone of voice.

"I'll check our stock," said the clerk.

There was a moment's pause. The Black Angel looked at his hard prick, slipped his warm fingers over the rim of the head, pulled, squeezing it until the long opening at the tip spread like the mouth of a fish. A drop of hot juice seeped out. He caught it on the tip end of one finger, put it into his mouth. He had for a long time now wondered what semen tasted like.

"Sir?" came the voice on the other end of the line. "Sir?"

"I'm here!" The Black Angel said gruffly.

"I have consulted the president of our firm, sir, and he feels a little reluctent to sell the last of his best lace handkerchiefs. They are so delicate and must not be abused in any way. You must understand."

"I understand," the Black Angel cried, growing more sex anxious by the second. "I will be especially careful, will take every precaution."

"We'll see this time," the clerk replied. "But our clients are to appreciate our merchandise as

much as we do ourselves. Cornucopia is proud of its carefully selected merchandise, and goes to great lengths culling our works of arts for our clients' enjoyment. We want our clients to love our treasures as much as we love them. Understand?"

"Don't sermonize me!" the Black Angel growled. "Just send me up that handkerchief. I'm not going to tear it!"

"Very well. We will deliver—this time."

The phone gave a light click as the clerk hung up.

The Black Angel called for Toha. The boy entered from the bubble-domed terrace where he had been watering potted plants.

"Bring me my violoncello. I feel like playing music. And a bowl of fruit. I am to have a visitor."

Toha gave a slight bow. "Is this visitor to be as—as the others?"

Turning his rugged head in profile, the Black Angel gave him a surprised glance. "Why do you ask?"

"I could be of some service—perhaps—along such lines," the Japanese boy answered, keeping his eyes lowered so that the Angel could not look directly into them.

"Could it be that you're jealous!" cried the Black Angel.

"So sorry I mentioned it, sir."

He bowed out of the room, soon returned with the musical instrument and a platter of raw fruit. When he handed the violoncello to the Black Angel their hands accidently touched, and the boy's trembled. He quickly withdrew.

The Black Angel was sitting on the rose colored bed, his nimble fingers flying over the strings of the violoncello when a boy opened the door and came in.

"I am Timo," he said, his falsetto voice obviously feminine, as he came down the steps and to where the Black Angel sat. "From Cornucopia Enterprises."

"I gathered that," the Black Angel snapped, giving him one deliberate, but disgusted look. In that same instant, sizing up the young girlish boy, he concluded that he did not like him, but hoped, for the sake of his own male lusts, that he would be apt at something sexually unusual. "Get them rags off!" he ordered, "Let's see what the high and mighty Cornucopia empire nas delivered today."

"A message for you first," the boy said, taking a letter from his blouse pocket and handing it to

the Black Angel. He took it and opening it out wide, began to read:

Dear Sir: Cornucopia Enterprises, as you must know by now, is in a risky business. I believe that our phones are tapped. So for this reason I would appreciate it if in the future you would use discretion with your verbal orders. Never—please—never at any time refer to our merchandise as boys, punks, etc, as you have done in the past. If this persists, we will be forced to ask you to pay out your credit in full and turn in your membership card. With cordial thanks, the President!"

"Shit!" the Black Angel screamed. He wadded up the note, threw it in the boy's face. The boy's glittering eyes dulled. The Black Angel gave him a nasty look. "Are you going to get out of them rags or not?"

The boy stripped and stood a little self consciously directly in front of the Black Angel.

"Will I do?" he murmured, looking so frail and timid there in the sunlight, his milk white skin a cold blue in shadow, as if he was molded from white glass, his pinkish hair, in roseate curls around his tiny ears, shining like the nylon threads on the head of a doll. His painted eyes

too, resembled a young doe's, startling and wild and fixed behind their frames of fluttering lashes.

"You'll have to do!" growled the Black Angel in annoyance. By God! He loathed boys who looked like girls!

"If you will play I will dance for you," the boy suggested, as the Black Angel, in complete disgust, rolled his eyes ceilingward.

"Very well," he grunted. "Dance!"

He began to stroke the strings and the boy, taking a long pink scarf from his clothes, began to move his small, naked body in cadence to the sounds. Lithe as a scepter, his body glowing like ivory, he swayed from side to side, the pink scarf trailing, circling his buttocks and crotch like a waif of smoke. With this shimmering cloud of gauze, his body seemed automatically to become transformed from man to woman—a woman as pure and sublime in her nakedness as nature had intended her to be. Curves and sensuous planes were like fluted sprays of water as he danced out toward the terrace and the bright sunlight. The silver spires of the city seemed as musical as the body, all bending to the music, the perfect effect of eonism—a man in woman's clothes—with one exception: this boy was wearing no clothes, and here lay his alluring magic.

With silent curiosity the Black Angel watched

his every move out of shielded, beady eyes which telegraphed his rising lust, a gaze that raced through every vein in his throbbing body to his prick and lifted it. Now, the boy was on his knees directly in front of him, his thighs spread, round like ivory pillars, his soft belly hairless and rounded, smooth as velvet, his arms bent back, his head thrown askew, his nipples shining.

The Black Angel could taste his white loveliness with his tongue. The saliva flowed from his twisting lips into his black beard. Casting the violoncello aside, he got up, picked up the boy by his hips, laid him on his back on the bed. Then still standing, he thrust the boys legs up so that his knees were on each side of his head. He lifted the boy's rump, raising the whole end of him up to his crotch, and pushed his hard prick into the boy's pink rectum.

The boy let out a piercing scream, but the Black Angel drove on, using his huge spread hands to work the boys rump back and forth until his prick was in up to the hilt, his huge balls rocking back and forth with each motion, slapping against his enormous, hairy thighs.

Though the boy begged, pleaded, squirmed, the Black Angel held him fast, and rapidly now, as he gloried in the feel of the tight crevice of flesh gripping his prick, tightening all around it,

he churned the boy, merciless in his lust, enjoying the thrill. As the friction slackened the boy's rectum, the nerve centers of pain loosening, the Black Angel shifted his rump from side to side, rather than fore and aft, rolled his rump in his wide-spread hands. Then, in wild abandon, he manipulated the upturned rump in every direction, turning it around his stiff prick like a wheel around an axle. Then with a fiery lunge, he attacked the boy's rump, going back and forth, up and down, slowly, then rapidly, taking in the feel as the thrill ran through his every vein. Finally, having worked his body into a glistening sweat, he shot his sperm into the boy's behind. He pulled out his prick except for the head, then shoved it back again with all his strength, slapping his dangling balls up against the boy's back, spilling his last precious drops of sperm, the molten liquid now causing his prick to slide through the flesh tunnel with oiled ease. Suction noises poured forth as he worked his prick in and out again, very slowly, watching his sperm-slickened prick going in and out of the beautiful flesh. He thrilled at the sight of thick, black, wiry hair jamming up against the wall of pink flesh, the enormity of his own hairy thighs and the way his huge balls swung in and out with his thrusts, disappearing under his own buttocks

then swinging out again to slap the boy's upturned rump.

Sapped now, he pulled his prick out with a sucking, hollow noise, and, gathering the sobbing boy in his arms, kissed him warmly on the mouth, on the neck, down to his tiny nipples where he slobbered and bit the tender protrudings until the boy squealed. Then standing up, his thighs spread, he caught the crouched whimpering boy by the ears and rammed his semihard prick into the boy's bobbing mouth. He worked the boy's head back and forth, as he had with his rump, until he spermed again, spilling the hot nectar on the boy's tearful face, into his eyes, his nose. It ran in his pink hair, down around his ears, and made white, sticky trails around the sides of his face and down his neck.

Cold now, his huge body robbed of all its warmth, the Black Angel looked down at the sobbing boy with acid disgust.

"Get out!" he cried, stepping over the boy and sprawling on the bed.

The boy got up, tried to wipe his face, and began to put on his feminine clothes.

The Black Angel watched him with intense loathing. Hating his manner of attire, his curled hair, his painted face, his girlish body, and his

feminine gestures which, now after passion, seemed so ridiculous.

When the boy left, still sobbing, his bent shoulders shaking, in pain, thoroughly humiliated, his pride lacerated, the Black Angel picked up the phone and called Cornucopia Enterprises.

"If I had wanted a woman instead of a man I would have gone to the Scarlet Tassel to fuck one of their whores!" he screamed into the receiver. "You're sending me this type on purpose, aren't you, to try and make me into one of your filthy kind? . . . Aren't you?"

"We deliver what your zodiac chart dictates," said the voice on the other end of the line.

"Then I want my zodiac changed!" the Black Angel screamed again.

There was a long silence.

"Very well. If that's what you want, then you're going to get it."

"What do you mean by that remark?"

"We will send a repair man the first thing in the morning."

"See that you do!"

The Fifth Day

"I am Bart," said the young man who had arrived at his pad to service the sex-zodiac.

The Black Angel showed him where the huge disc hung from one orange lit wall, and the boy, in a white jump suit, began to unscrew the dials and alter the manipulations.

As he worked, the Black Angel, dressed only in a black silk crotch sling, propped himself upon a mountain of velvet pillows and watched, but not so much the work as the boy.

The boy intrigued him, not only because he had smooth honey colored skin and jet black wavy hair, but because he was not one of the young male whores from Cornucopia Enterprises. In the Black Angel's eyes, so accustomed

to the male whores who left their taint of profaned experiences behind, this boy was a novice. And he dared to speculate—a virgin—at least a virgin with other men.

He seemed to be around twenty-two years of age, with warm brown eyes and soft lips that laughed to show glittering white teeth. His voice too was soft, but firm, and though his hands were encased in pale blue plastic gloves, they gripped what they caught hold of, and worked with sureness and dexterity.

The Black Angel had an erection throughout the entire morning while watching the boy's slim waist and rounded behind through the white silk of his jump suit, and he vowed that he would see him completely naked before the day was out.

He insisted Bart stay for lunch and bade Toha to turn them out a savory meal with red wine. As they sat on cushions on the floor and ate from a low round table, the Black Angel listened attentively while the boy told about his life, where he had attended school, and his ambitions. While he talked, the Black Angel eyed the bulge in his crotch, his short, muscular legs, his thick chest, and wide shoulders. But mostly he eyed his crotch. He could imagine what it looked like unhusked, and this undisciplined imagination only increased his desire to see the boy without

clothes on. So while the boy talked, he wondered what excuse he could dream up so that the boy would take off his jump-suit. A bath? That would be a little ridiculous. Swimming? Perhaps, but then the boy would probably want to change in another room, and he would see him only in a swim suit. To pose? But he wasn't an artist. He did, however, dab at sculpting. That was it! He would take some color dimension pictures from every angle. Surely the boy would go for that.

So when the boy had completed the work on the zodiac he asked his question.

"But I've never posed," Bart said, extending his hands wide. "I should be going. I have to report back at the office before closing time. Besides, Mr. Angel. I don't have the body for that!"

"I think you do," the Black Angel remarked, making an effort to keep his voice from trembling.

The boy looked uncomfortable. "Will it take long?"

"Only a few minutes," the Angel explained. "A shot from every angle. I will use them as a proportion guide and scale my sculpture from the photographs."

"Oh."

"What you say? After all, Bart, you and I are only men."

The boy laughed. "That's right."

Nervous as a girl, the Black Angel directed him into a room he had had decorated especially for his pot parties. It was a throwback from the old hippie days when psychedelic colors were the rage. He had always loved those weird flowing patterns and had had the walls, the floor and the ceiling done so that you could not readily see where one began and the other ended. He had bought huge plastic flowers with electric bulbs inside them, and they glowed from their long iron stems with every hue in the spectrum. In the middle of the room there was an island of throw pillows, and a low table with two-inch legs on which were enormous mosaic ashtrays and smokes.

He flipped on a light switch as they entered through a maze of dripping beads and the enormous cave sprang into a weird pattern of fantastic fires, almost as if their colors moved, flowed over them like water, bathing their faces, their arms and their torsos in serpent-like swirls of multi-colored tones.

"This is crazy," Bart said, as he stood in the island of pillows and turned round and round.

"What is?" the Angel asked, completely baffled.

"This room! You wanting me to strip and have my picture made."

"It's being done every day," the Black Angel said, and with a casual air. "How do you think a painting is done if there are no models.

"It's so queer!" he said, making emphasis of that word *queer*.

The Black Angel gulped.

"Like one time I was working on a guy's zodiac across the bay. Said he was a doctor, wanted to examine me. Boy! Do you know where he wanted to examine me?"

The Black Angel looked as if he had lost a battle. "Did he?" he asked meekly, knowing he would go into a rage if the boy said yes.

"Fuck no!" the boy said. "I got the hell out."

The Black Angel pretended to be fumbling with his camera.

"Well, I might as well start," the boy said timidly, unzipping his suit. In an instant there was a long slim V of naked flesh, and that tiny exposure sent thrills through the Black Angel's every vein and sinew. Bart slid the silken material off his shoulders, on down to his hips, then down his legs. Then he slipped out of his shiny black boots and pulled the suit over his legs and

folding it, laid it carefully on the mountain of pillows.

"Your shorts," the Black Angel reminded him.

The boy gave him a questioning stare.

"Why?"

"So that I can photograph all of you."

"You going to do all of me? Naked?"

"That's right."

"And my dick and balls?"

"Bart, all male statues are done in the nude."

The boy frowned. "But I don't want the whole world gaping at my dick and nuts."

"They won't know it's you."

The boy studied for a moment, looked down sadly at his white shorts that hugged his hips like the skin. "I won't do it!"

"Bart! You and I are men! I've seen boys bareass before."

"I still won't do it."

"I intend to pay you. Well!"

"I don't want to strip naked."

The Black Angel's hopes were dashed. He had to see this boy in the nude! But how? There was only one way. Pills!

He called for Toha. "Bring us a drink." After Toha left, he then turned nervously to Bart.

"It'll calm your nerves, give you time to make up your mind."

The boy looked thoroughly disgusted. With that shame crept across his face like a shadow. "It's so queer! Men posing naked!"

Toha returned with two drinks on a tray. The Black Angel signaled the question: had he added narcotics? Toha nodded then left.

The Black Angel handed Bart a glass and they both drank. It would take only a minute for the drug to take effect, so the Black Angel only sipped his. He wanted the boy to go into the world of maze and color ahead of him.

In a moment or two the boy's expression relaxed. He turned round and round, gazing in awe at the colors, which were now changing for him, brightening, becoming transparent and provocative.

"Your shorts," the Black Angel reminded him again.

"Oh, of course," Bart said aggreeably. "It'll make me feel free. Free. Naked! Free!"

He slipped out of his shorts and turned around and around very slowly, his gaze fixed on the ceiling, his eyes turned away.

The Black Angel drank his fill! What a body! So dark, so smooth, so spongy firm! He watched spellbound as the colors flowed over Bart's na-

kedness, all the more in their luminous glow rounding out his supple thighs, his buttocks, the beautiful arch in his back, the washboard muscles running down the middle of his flat stomach, the black hair which shaded his legs, his chest, and in a dark, beautiful nest where his prick and balls hung in pits of loveliness. He seemed a savage from the pages of time, a male from the age of unpolished stone, and now here in this room to enhance the Black Angel, to stir him out of his lethargy.

"Can I sit down, and just look," the boy asked, awed as those of old were awed when they entered churches.

"Sure," the Black Angel said, and they sat down on the array of pillows together, the camera, the reason for entering this cave momentarily forgotten.

Now, having seen this handsome dark boy completely unhusked, the full glory of his young manhood vividly, harshly exposed, the Black Angel now had to do more than just look. He longed nervously to touch. He had the uncontrolled urge to reach out, to take that beautiful prick in his hand, to fondle it, to caress that patch of curling, black hair, to rub those white, frosty balls together in the warmth of his palm. But he dared not. He didn't have the nerve—

especially when Bart had mentioned that bad word: *queer*. His whole body trembled in the throes of desires. Without hesitation he gulped down his drink, longing with intense and complete abandon to embalm his mind, his convictions, his reserves so that, under the spell of this phychedelic drug, he would gain the nerve to do with this boy what he so yearned to do.

The boy was now under the full influence of the drug, in a new dimension. He lay back on the pillows, his hands under his head, one thigh lifted beautifully, making the whole of his rugged form into one gorgeous flowing plane. They were both bathed in fantastic fires which rolled over them, burning them with color, bursting, spilling, moving, and rolling away in broad sheets of flame.

High now, the Black Angel fixed his gaze on the boy's crotch and, as he did, under the narcotic influence, the boy's prick began to grow slowly. It rose higher and higher before his eyes. It became gargantuan in proportion. His spread and lifted thighs became as large as the room, and even the world—the whole flaming, burning, fantastic world.

Drugged completely, the Black Angel became a thing infinitesimal, a tiny creature before the immense spread of Bart's thighs. They were so huge on either side of him that their warmth

seemed to press in on him with heat. In this nightmare of ecstasy, the Black Angel rose up and began to make his way through the black hair to Bart's enormous round balls. He climbed upon them, holding onto the curling hairs for support, sank in their softness, tugged at the pale blue veins which ran wild along their rounded contours. Bart's prick now stood straight and tall, and the Black Angel waded through the black hair, waist high, and began to climb the pole of human flesh. Clinging to the huge pulsating veins, like twisted vines up the sides of a tank, he continued up, up, digging his naked feet into the spongy flesh, grabbing for the blankets of loose skin. Near the top, the skin was so loose he slid back, but he grabbed for the rim of the enormous red head, pulled himself up and over and on top of the head itself. The hole was huge, a vast crevice it seemed to him, and, pulling the slit apart, which required all his strength, he put his mouth into the opening and began to suck. As he sucked, he began to hunch his torso up and down on the soft red head. The male smell enveloped his senses, and intensified his lust. He washed the top of the head with his lolling tongue, played with it lovingly, buried himself into it, devouring it with his lust. Then the sperm poured up from the head of Bart's

prick and washed over him like a dream, warm like oil, sublime with male love and male beauty.

Almost as if the molten sap of Bart's loins washed him clean of desire, of the narcotic influence, he came slowly out of his trip.

He was lying between Bart's thighs, and Bart's prick was in his mouth, his pursing lips buried in the nest of beautiful black curling hair.

And Bart, his hands still behind his head, was looking at him. He was looking and, in their brown depths, where the fires of the room had glowed, there burned now a malicious hatred. "You queer!" the boy cried, and there was malice and murder in his voice. "You fucking QUEER!"

Lifting a foot, he kicked the Black Angel squarely in the face. His prick slid out of his mouth with a popping, sucking noise, fell back on the boy's wet stomach with a slap.

"Lured me in here for this, didn't you?" the boy cried accusingly, his eyes snapping fire. He leaped up, got into his jump-suit, into his shiny black boots. "Glad they told me to rig that zodiac chart like they did. It's sure gonna fix your fruity ass!"

The Black Angel, still on the floor where the boy had ruthlessly kicked him, cried hoarsely: "What do you mean rigged?"

"Wait and find out!" Bart cried. He zipped up his suit with a jerk, sealing in all his dark beauty. The Black Angel caught that last glimpse with terror in his heart, remembering how beautifully wanton he had looked naked with the flaming lights playing on his nakedness, and realized, in that moment, and with thwarted rage, that never again would he get the chance to see that marvelous body unhusked.

Dressed, the boy gathered up his tools and went out the door.

The Black Angel, regretting shamefully what he had done, yet at the same time basking in the memory of it, the male glory of it, then laid his head in the crook of his arm and wept like a child.

The Sixth Day

"Would you please deliver a riding crop?" the Black Angel requested over his shiny white phone. He was reclining naked with his prick in one hand. He fondled it lovingly, stripping it up and down, ringing the rim of its head with his index finger, thrilling to his own magic touch, a touch which filled him with sexual jubilation.

"We will deliver immediately, Mr. Angel!" came a voice over the receiver. A cool chuckle followed.

The Black Angel hung up, and wondered about the ironic laugh and what it forewarned. He looked down at his hard prick which stood up straight as a reed from its patch of black hair, marveling at the heavy veins which streaked its

enormous length like the veins in marble. He played with his balls, lifting them to admire their size. Every nerve in his body cried for sex, and fondling his prick roughly he could hardly control his urge to masturbate, but he wanted to save his vitality for his next victim.

"You've just got to wait," he said aloud to his prick, shaking it roughly. "You're too impatient!" He loved to look at his prick, to play with it, to admire it. He flattered himself that his was the biggest one he had ever seen. He liked the way it was shaped, straight and tall. He liked the way the loose skin wrapped it, for he could strip it easily, and he liked even better the way the head flared out, almost like the head of a cobra. The narcissus complex was strong within him and he could lie for hours exploring himself without becoming bored.

He wished desperately that his body might be more limber, for he longed to suck his own prick, as he had once seen a Hindu boy do in a side show. He longed to taste the warm sperm that came out of men's pricks. He wanted to do himself first, for he did not possess the nerve to suck someone else. At the thought of sucking another man he felt his face flush, and this embarrassed him a great deal, especially since he had put the young mechanic's prick in his mouth while under

the spell of drugs. With the aid of his ego, he allowed this bit of guilt to pass and said to himself that he would not have committed the act if he had not been under the influence of the drug. Yet, despairingly, he knew he was changing physically and mentally in his sex. He was beginning to want a male, not just to victimize sexually for the sadistic thrill of it, but to suck, screw, and make love to him.

"It's that damned sex-zodiac machine!" he stormed. "Cornucopia Enterprises is trying to pervert me—to turn me queer!" Yet even as he said these things to himself, he had a sneaking suspicion that Cornucopia was not fully responsible.

God! If he could just suck a big dick! Thrill himself as long as he wanted to thrill himself without the other party knowing!

Swinging his naked legs off the wrinkled bed, he got up and went to the galley where Toha was preparing breakfast. He noticed Toha's slanting eyes go down the length of his naked body, halting at his turgid groin, and this too thrilled him a little. He loved to be looked at and admired, and saw that Toha trembled at the sight of his semi-hard prick dangling like a rubber cable between his legs.

"Like that, eh?" he asked, in a bid for praise.

"Sure big!" Toha replied, his eyes hungrily fixed on his crotch. "Maybe you let me feel of it sometime, eh?" Toha's voice trembled now, and beads of sweat popped out on his yellow brow.

"Go ahead," the Black Angel said. He posed himself, spreading his legs far apart, his hands on his hips.

"Sure big," Toha repeated and, coming closer, caught hold of his prick and began to play with it, gently at first, then running his nimble fingers the whole length of it, skinning it back and forth nervously.

"That's enough," the Black Angel spat, relishing the way Toha was nerved up, trembling like a thief. He gloried under his own male power. Though he enjoyed the feel of Toha's hand on his hardening prick, he wanted to save himself for his visitor. Toha, as if warned, instantly let go of his prick and returned to his cooking.

"Do we have any fresh bull nuts?" the Black Angel asked.

"A dozen just delivered," Toha replied, going to the refractor where they were kept at body temperature and taking out one and handing it to the Angel.

The Black Angel dipped the bull nut in vinegar and gnawed on it greedily, the fresh blood oozing into his heard, relishing it not for the raw

meat taste but for what it would do for his sex drive when the visitor arrived.

The door chime sounded at the apartment entrance.

The Black Angel wiped the blood from his bear with a clean napkin and hurried into the living room.

The boy had already entered and was now standing on the foyer, both hands thrust into his split-front pockets.

"I am Andy," he addressed himself politely, still not moving from his position. "From Cornucopia Enterprises."

"Don't just stand there," said the Black Angel. "Come on in."

The boy obeyed, not shyly like the others from Cornucopia Enterprises, but boldly, utterly proud.

Silently the Black Angel studied him, not knowing exactly what to expect. The boy was slight of build, but hard, wiry, and Indian dark, his complexion almost the color of an acorn. His long straight hair was jet black and lay thick and smoothly brushed over his head. His eyes, also black, were narrow and cold, and about them a hint of malice, as if the devil lurked within his sinewy frame waiting to be let loose. He was in costume, that very popular dress of a century or

two ago which depicted the early frontier west, cowboy boots, tight levi's, a blue silk shirt with shimmering tassels. Silver rings, heavy and grotesque, ringed his long slender fingers, and silver bracelets adorned his wrists and jangled when he moved.

"Well, go ahead and undress," the Black Angel demanded, now that he had studied the boy's clothes, noticing, with a lump rising to his throat, the long bulge in his tight crotch.

"That's your job," Andy said, and there was a mocking smile on his thin lips.

The Black Angel was surprised. "What do you think I pay Cornucopia for?"

"This is my specialty," the boy explained, with that same twisted smile. "I merely transport the body. My clientele do the rest or whatever they want to do to me. I could care less."

At this realization the Black Angel's heart skipped a beat. The other Cornucopia whores had done things to him, while he had gloried in the various acts. Now, at long last, here was a person available to him, a young, virile male, for him to do with as he pleased, like a living toy, to be played with until he grew dreary of the lovable task.

Nervously, almost like Toha with his prick in the galley, the Black Angel moved closer to the

boy. Though every nerve, every vein cried out from his sensuous body, his sex crazed emotions, he did not want to rush this. He had all day, and he wanted to enjoy to the full glory every minute, every moment of it.

He unbuttoned the boy's silk shirt, fumbling frantically with each button while the boy stood immobile, his hands on both hips, his booted legs spread, that hateful twist to his lips. One by one, as the buttons were loosened, and a long V sliced the boy in front, revealing that dark, smooth, tantalizing skin beneath, the Angel almost went wild in his pursuits. Slipping the shirt down over the boy's shoulders, he marveled at the broadness of the collar bones, the chest plates, smooth as tanned leather, the dark wine colored nipples. He tossed the shirt on the bed and stood back admiring the boy's naked chest. Boldly, he reached up, caught hold of one of his nipples and played with it lovingly. The boy's eyes narrowed at this, and there was a firm set to his jaw, so firm the imprint of his teeth showed through the skin. The Black Angel let go of his tit.

"I'm not a woman you know," Andy said belligerently. "There's plenty for you to play with below the belt."

The Angel unbuckled the boy's wide leather belt, and with trembling fingers unzipped the fly,

as a patch of black hair, the blackest hair he ha ever seen, flounced out. He slid the pants dow the boy's slim hips, and pulled them on down t the rim of his boots. Then, awe-struck, he de voured the boy's crotch with his wanton, hungr gaze. His prick hung long and loose and tende above his nut sack and wiry black hair. H longed with a quiver in every nerve to put it int his mouth, but his manly restrictions prevente this.

"It's yours, if you want to suck it," Andy sai invitingly, taking his prick in his hand and strip ping the skin back so that the enormous head sprang out like the head of a terrapin from its shell. "That's what I'm on salary for, Mr. Angel It's waiting all ready!"

"I don't suck," the Angel answered and with a shaky voice. But oh! how he wanted to—without the boy knowing, or seeing.

"Nor do I," Andy said, and with a cold stare. "You bought my body, so go ahead and enjoy yourself. Here." He thrust out his prick directly in front of the Angel's face, stretching it like a rubber hose. "I know you want it. You got up a hard yourself."

"I just don't suck," the Black Angel said, his voice a husky whisper. "I am paying Cornucopia for you to thrill me."

"I'll thrill you, Mr. Angel," he said, letting out a cold, mocking laugh. "I'm famous for coming more than any whore at Cornucopia. I'll fill your gut full—red hot."

He caught hold of the Black Angel's ears, pulled him closer, so close the Angel's lips brushed the head of his elongated prick. "Lick it, man, get the feel, then you'll gobble it for sure."

The Black Angel jerked his head away and stood up. "What do you take me for?" he growled.

"A queer, like all the rest," Andy answered.

"But I want you to queer me."

"I don't queer men, Mr. Angel. As I said, my specialty is my fine looking body and my fine ass and fine dick. Now if you want it it is all yours, but if you don't." He shrugged. "I'll put my pants on and report back to Cornucopia."

The Black Angel looked at him appalled. "What kind of a guy are you? If you're a whore then you should be able to do anything your client desires."

The boy gave an annoying grin. "Listen, Mr. Angel. There are some at Cornucopia who do it to others and there are some who have it done to them. I'm one who has it done to me. I like a good suck, and I can tell you want to suck. I can

spot one a mile off, so why don't you quit being bashful and go ahead like I said and enjoy yourself. I won't look."

The Black Angel swallowed hard, shuddering in his loins at this ready opportunity, a lush dick handed to him on a silver platter. Yet, something of his virile manhood cautioned him, some secretive reserve he could not fathom nor name.

"I do want to suck you," he said at last, his face crimson.

"You'll have to take it first," said Andy, laughing hatefully.

The Black Angel eyed him in silence, gauging his strength in comparison to his own. Reaching out wantonly, he caught hold of the boy's prick which stood out rigid and tautly veined.

Andy slapped his hand away. "I said you'd have to take it."

This enraged the Black Angel. Tense from sexual longings, unnerved by the boy's coarse laughter, he swung out a huge fist and planted it firmly on the boy's lower jaw. He reeled, fell backwards on the bed, but was up again immediately. They rushed together and became locked in a steel-like grip. Breaking away the Angel let him have it again in the mouth. Blood gushed, as Andy grabbed for his face, the blood running between his ringed fingers. Savage now,

the Black Angel lunged, locked the boy's arms tightly to his sides, and they went down together on the cold tiles. Again and again his huge fists rounded into Andy's face, his neck, his chest, as he let out agonizing screams.

"So I got to take you, eh?" the Black Angel roared, jerking the boy to his feet, an animal now in his thwarted passions. His huge naked body, moving like a cat in a jungle, covered the boy with blows, the dull thuds of his iron fists sounding hideously in the still room.

"I didn't mean it," Andy cried out piteously, covering his face with his hands, his whole body wobbling back and forth drunkenly, the blood running down his face, his neck, his chest. Then, gathering himself, he made a wild swing at the Black Angel but missed, his arm going out in a wide arc. In that instant the Angel saw his ready chance, dwelt the fatal blow. He struck Andy full in the mouth and the lower portion of his nose, breaking the septum. Andy folded, fell face down on the floor, out cold, his limp legs spread, his arms folded brokenly beneath him.

For a tense moment the Black Angel stood above him, his chest heaving, all passion spent. But then his gaze fell on the boy's exposed ass, the inviting cheeks, the thighs spread wantonly, and he got an instant erection. Jerking the

spread from the bed, he threw it over the boy's body, but leaving him exposed from the waist down. Covering the face and the blood and the visual reminder of his guilt.

Shuddering now in every vein, every sinew, he lay down on his stomach between the boy's legs and began to lick hungrily at his inner thighs. Growling like a savage with stolen food, he let his mouth and tongue wander up the loving thighs an inch at a time, devouring him with a sex hunger impossible to satisfy. He was exremely gentle, tender, and caressing, then instantly turning to a savage tearing the boy's thighs with his teeth, breaking the smooth skin, drawing blood. Groaning and growling, he eased his mouth up to the crack in the boy's ass, spread his soft cheeks with fingers of merciless steel, and buried his bearded face in the lovely hollow. Shaking all over, with every nerve gone wild, sobbing, he thrust out his tongue and slipped it up and into the boy's rectum, rolled it, as saliva dripped, poured from his gaping, opened mouth and ran down the boy's rump and between his legs.

He became frantic, seeking with his lolling tongue a rapture he knew dwelt there, but which seemed impossible for his tongue to locate, to guage. As he screwed the boy with his sharp,

strong tongue, all the while spreading his cheeks with trembling fingers, caressing their firm roundness, he spermed, his body relaxing in a fit and fury of passion and fulfilled lust.

For a time he lay with his face buried in the boy's ass, enjoying the thrill of the boy's body so close to his, his face pressed in between the boy's lovely warm cheeks. He basked in the glowing radiance of the boy who, though knocked cold and as limp as death, became all the more enjoyable as his victim, for he knew nothing that was going on, less of what he had done to him. In this wild joy he kissed the boy's rectum and cheeks, then moved down to his inner thighs where he kissed and slobbered lovingly. With the limp body at his mercy, he turned the boy over on his back. One limp thigh went over a shoulder and around his neck and face. Now gazing with starving eyes at the boy's limp prick, he wanted to suck it. But something checked him. Instead, he lowered his wet lips and kissed the boy's balls, then sucked one into his mouth. It felt cold, tasted salty, and he spit it out. He looked at the limp dick buried in the nest of hair. He eased up, so that his lips all but touched its head. He sniffed, enthralled by the rancid male odor. He stuck out his tongue and touched the tip end of the boy's prick. Then he withdrew it quickly and

lay there panting for a moment, battling his sexual craving.

Annoyed, outraged at himself, he lifted the boy's limp thigh off his neck and ran into an ante-room, he closed the door and locked it. He switched on the light.

At the far end of the room on an elevated disc, stood a statue of a naked male. It had been painted in life-like colors, and had a texture which resembled human flesh. The statue was minutely detailed, even to pubic hair, and looked frightfully human, standing there in the dim shadows with hands on hips, legs spread, its organ taut erect.

This room was the Black Angel's secret. Not even Toha had been inside nor knew of the existence of the life-like statue. It had been made to order, by renowned sculptors from Hollywood studios, and represented the most beautiful aspects of the male, a perfect form. For some unexplainable reason, the Black Angel called it "Jesus."

Hurrying to the statue, he fell on his knees before it, and with gaping mouth, sucked at the enormous prick until his yearning wants were fulfilled. As he sucked, the saliva dripping from the end of his chin, he caught his own prick in his right hand frantically and, with every vein

shuddering, his loins and buttocks vibrating, he stroked his hardened prick until the hot sperm shot out and splashed on the feet of the statue.

Wrapped now in grief and guilt, his wanton desires completely sated, he sank to the floor, as if paying homage to a god, and cried with misery: "Queer! Queer! Queer!"

The Seventh Day

"I am from Cornucopia Enterprises," said the young man of about twenty-five who stood rooted like a statue in the foyer.

"Come in," the Black Angel said, who stood below him in the living area, his stark nakedness doing little to affect the virile, handsome man above him.

"I believe you ordered a pair of spurs, and wanted them delivered," said the man, his colorless eyes burning down on the Black Angel. He laid the silver spurs on a table flanking the front door, and came down the steps. "My name is James. I hope by the end of the day I have filled my mission and served my employer, Cornucopia."

"That's to be proven," the Black Angel replied, but with a shaky voice, as his gaze devoured the man who stood ready before him. Unlike most of the young whores who had visited his pad, this man was huge, extremely broad of shoulder, long of arm, massive of thigh. He was dressed in a white silk jump-suit, the material so thin the Black Angel could see his dark nipples shining through, and hints of hair on his huge legs and a dark splotch in the area of his crotch. He stood ape-like, his heavily veined arms slightly spread, his legs wide apart, barefoot. His black hair was crew-cut. Where he shaved, his jaw, cheek, and chin shone a dull gray, and his lips were wide and broad. Handsome in a rugged sort of way, the Black Angel concluded, and so utterely masculine that he trembled before him. After his brutal encounter with Andy the day before, he cowered somewhat under the dark power of this male who stood before him, not knowing exactly what to expect.

Ashamed of his brutal display before Andy the previous day, he realized, almost with a tremor of terror in his heart, that Cornucopia was taking reprisals. For instead of feminine boys as they had been at first, they were now more and more masculine. Yet, even with menace of the man before him, he yearned to have sex with

him. Curiosity inflamed his imagination and heightened his desires just as to how sex would play out its role with this rugged man as his partner.

"What is your specialty?" he asked, impatient to find out why such a male worked for Cornucopia Enterprises in the first place.

"My specialty is rape," the man named James said calmly, politely, without changing his expression. "You and I are to battle. If I win you must submit to me. If you win I will submit to you. The loser must do everything the victor wishes of him sexually."

"Sounds like a great thrill," the Black Angel commented, swallowing hard. Secretly, he realized he was no match for this heroic figure, but even brutal sex was better than no sex at all.

James gazed absently about the pad. "Do you have a gym?"

"Yes," the Black Angel replied, directing him to a room entered by way of oriental sliding doors and to an enormous rubber mat on the tile floor surrounded by exercising equipment.

"Splendid," James remarked, surveying the room with hungry eyes. "Wish I had a place like this to work out in."

"If we get on together sexually," the Black

Angel said, "feel free to use my gym as often as you like. My pad is always open."

James smiled, which seemed a rarety in one so masculine, so hard. "Thanks. But I never give my body in sex freely. I have sex with men because I am employed with Cornucopia Enterprises." He shrugged. "Of course, I do enjoy fucking young men in the behind, but it is so painful to them that I hate to do it, to hurt them physically, understand? I guess I am possessed with a little exhibitionism, for I was born abnormal. My dick is unusually large. A doctor who once examined me said that there was only one other man on record who had a dick as huge as mine, a man from Germany. He works in a side show of freaks, displays his dick six times a day before a mixed audience. Naturally, I don't go that far. But, as I said, I am somewhat an exhibitionist, for I love to show my body. I disrobe for medical students on occasion. I guess Every male intern in the city has handled my dick at one time or another. Gives them a thrill just looking at it. And I get a kick out of it myself, watching their faces turn red and see the sweat popping out on them."

"I'm anxious to see it myself," the Black Angel whispered, all a flutter of emotions. He was getting an erection just listening to this

James talk, and his gaze repeatedly found its way to the man's protruding crotch.

"Another abnormal thing about me," James remarked, "is that I reached puberty at the age of four. I shaved at four, and I could father a child at four. My mother use to cry when she saw me sitting on the edge of the kitchen sink shaving and still wearing diapers. I can remember that far back too, even when I jacked myself off. Strange, isn't it?" He said this proudly, swelling his chest, "There is only one other man in all the world like me. For your sake, I hope you win, for you know what I will do to you if you lose the fight, don't you?" He folded his arms akimbo and gazed at the Black Angel almost out of pity.

"No," the Black Angel answered, completely ignorant.

The man smothered a wry grin. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will fuck you in the ass, that's what I'll do, and may God have mercy on your rectum, for, once I overpower you, and get it in, I don't intend to stop until I've had my kicks. I hope you understand."

"I understand," the Black Angel cried meekly.

"You can withdraw now, before we begin, if

you want to. But once we start, there is no backing out."

The Black Angel nodded, so anxious to see and feel this man's great prick that he was glad to suffer any consequences.

"Oh, another thing," James went on. "My price is high. I hope you realize how high!"

"Money means nothing to me."

James gave him a skeptical look. "Very well. Let's begin. I like the way your ass rounds out. I'll bet your rectum sits high, directly below your spine bone. That makes a good fuck. Funny, but some males seem to be born for fucking. I mean, the way their anatomy lends itself to being screwed by another man."

He felt the Black Angel's rectum, then said: "I am right. Your asshole is just below your spine. Being high up, a man can ram his dick all the way to the hilt in you without the buttocks blocking two or three inches of his dick."

"I understand," the Black Angel said, thrilled by the man's hand on his behind. His prick stood up stiff and throbbing hard by these slight fondlings and deft caresses.

"I'll give you a sample of what I will do to thrill you, in case I lose," James said. Bending over, he caught the Black Angel's prick, squeezed it just at the spongy rim of its head

and, with strong animal teeth, bit down savagely on the tip end, at the sperm opening. The Angel let out little shrieks of pure ecstasy, and felt the sperm boiling up to the tip end of his prick.

"Doesn't that feel good?" James said, letting go of his prick and standing to his full height.

"I never knew anything could be so delightful," the Black Angel answered, looking down at his prick which now had teeth imprints at the opening around the head.

James unzipped his white silk jump-suit and let it slide down his legs to his feet, then he stepped out of it, standing completely naked in the center of the rubber matting. "See what I mean," he said, slapping at his enormous prick which dangled from his crotch like a sausage. He stripped it back and forth, advertising his great male potentials, lifting the head so that the Black Angel could see it in its glorious detail.

"It's the biggest I've ever seen," the Angel remarked, his eyes all but popping out at the size of it. His knees all but buckled, and he yearned to fall to the floor, grab the lucious meat in his mouth and suck away until he had drowned out all his desires, until he had burned away all this salacious amour which flamed inside his throbbing groin. This one male, he knew now, could satisfy him to the ultimate. If only he had him

for his own love slave, to come to him when this passionate, brutal craving threatened to master him. If only he could reach out and take that prick whenever he had the urge, to play with it, admire it, sink his face into it, to mouth it, swallowing as much of it as his anatomy allowed, drinking the sperm, coming from this magnificent male.

"Have you ever been sucked?" he found himself asking, though he knew already it was an untimely question.

"Thousands of times," James answered. "Once I even had a trained gorilla suck me—best suck I've ever had. Gorilla's have such pursing lips, and their tongues are longer than a man's. Once they're trained, they enjoy sucking a dick so much. This one didn't want to go, and he got my come three times before I could get away from him. My dick was red and swollen for days."

James then came up to where the Black Angel stood. So close that he could lay his prick on top of the Angel's and held them firmly, like two sticks of wood. He told the Black Angel to do the same, and they stood locked thus for a moment.

"This is the rapist-fighters handshake," James informed him. "Just hold for a second and let your mind wonder, about our male strength,

about our dicks touching, about all the rich sperm and glowing power that is in two males. It helps once we've started combat, gives you determination and desire, makes you realize what you are fighting for, how much glory if you win."

The Black Angel, listening in awe, suspected nothing. As he let his thought stray, eyeing their pricks lying against one another, grasped by his and James' hands, he became so worked up sexually that his knees trembled, and thrills raced from his prick up and through every crevice of his throbbing body. At that instant, when he was so absorbed, and still not noticing, James let go of their pricks and brought the sharp edge of his hand down against the Black Angel's neck with all his strength.

Caught completely unaware, the Black Angel folded, as fire exploded in his brain. His body went limp, his legs trembled, and he slumped to the mat.

"What the hell?" the Black Angel cried, rubbing his neck.

"That's one of the tricks," James explained, standing above him like a towering giant, his long prick dangling down with its rich, spongy head aimed at the Angel's uplifted face. "Don't think sex till you've won the combat."

The Black Angel tried to get up, but before he

could manage to lift himself on all fours, James caught hold of his hair, jerked him to his feet, and planted a hard fist into his lower jaw, then another and another. The Black Angel reeled and spun and caught at the burning bruises on his body as he became pelted with fists. Unable to gather his faculties under the raining torrents of knuckles, to get in one lick himself, he fell victim to this hyperhuman who tried, so it appeared, to beat him into a purple pulp.

With blood flowing after the swinging of two merciless fists, the Black Angel went down defeated on his knees, his head buried in the mat and his folded, protecting arms and hands coiled around his face and blood-stained hair. He suddenly ached in every muscle, every joint, and unable to rise to defend himself, he just kept that position, his rump in the air, his knees together, balanced like one praying, humble and prostrated, to some noble god. And before he realized what was taking place, he felt the huge body of James covering him, felt his massive, sinewy arms fold themselves around his belly in a vise-like grip, felt his enormous thighs, wired with chafing black hair, coil warmly around his thighs, heard James spit in his hands and then, suddenly, realized the man's intentions.

"Please!" he cried, and then, as if from the

doorway of hell, come to haunt him, he saw in the terror of his mind those young tender youths he had victimized, screwing them, as James intended to screw him now. And at the realization, sensing their pain, their crass agony, he let out tremulous screams, even before his body was pierced.

He felt James' hand fumbling at his behind, felt the blunt knob of James' prick around the area of his rectum like a blind serpent seeking its cave. Dreading the moment when it would find the pursed opening, every vein in his body tightened to the point of snapping, every muscle drawing over his bones like skins left in the sun.

Then all too soon, when he was not prepared—would never be prepared for the agony to come—James' gargantuan penis, hard as a wooden pole jabbing at his buttocks, found its target. He felt the body of James lift, felt his thighs harden to the ridigity or steel, making ready for that deliberate, awesome push. His own buttocks quivered and he flinched, even without feeling anything. The hard tip of James' prick touched the soft tissues of his rectum, and then, with blinding volleys of fire roaring through every crevice, he felt the enormous prick press up into his rectum, goring its way, bringing agony with it, its huge blunt head tearing the tissues of his

rectum, broadening the hole, the dark cave of flesh until, with that one ram, it drove its way to the hilt. He felt the wiry pubic hair of James against his behind, felt his huge balls swinging in their pale sack, slapping at his under thighs as James manipulated his giant body back and forth, withdrawing, like a bucket in a well, then slamming his prick in again.

Each time James' prick roared back into him, plowing into his bowels, darts of fire ran through every vein, shot to his toes and to his finger tips, and burned a hole in his brain. He quivered from the pain, a pain more terrible than he had ever known, or dreamed of knowing. Every muscle quivered, burned, slackened, grew taut. His nerve centers exploded. His blood boiled, raced. His rectum, which seemed all of him now, his whole body, burned as if he was being jabbed with a red hot iron.

"Relax, man, relax," James said, panting. His huge hands began to fondle the Black Angel's body, playing with his tits, grabbing playfully the muscles on his chest, then sliding down to his crotch where he fondled his prick, fingering the head, all the while pumping his savage body with the regularity of a machine, cutting away the Angel's flesh with his brutal prick.

Automatically, as if he was obeying God, the

Black Angel tried to relax. He let his muscles go limp. His nerves, like flowing rhythms, sought their level, and his body became soft, pliable.

Then, having received James, he suddenly found that the prick did not burn his rectum with sharp agony, but went in and out easily and, still humped in his former position, he began to enjoy its feel. He began to move his behind back and forth, lifting it invitingly each time the prick plowed inward, giving himself rather than being taken. And as James copulated with him, he saw visions in his mind, thrilling visions of James' prick like a groping, blind serpent, sliding on its meaty belly up into the dark cave of his rectum.

James had worked himself into a maniacal frenzy now, and their naked bodies were drenched in slimy sweat, running in wild streams from James onto him, circling down around his belly, and dripping onto the mat. James' thrusts now were harder, more pronounced, more certain in his driving methods, never faltering from his push and pull method, sending his prick swiftly and directly to full depth.

The Black Angel gloried in James' giant body pounding above his. He relished the huge prick sinking into the flesh roads of his body. He loved this man's manner, his domineering rape, his

shameless sex attitudes. He gloried in the way he stimulated him sexually and, as James began to sperm, the Black Angel spermed also, the semen flowing in beautiful unison, and the Black Angel adored the warm liquid streaming through his rectum, like beautiful music through the hollow of an oceanic cave.

Lubricated with the slime of his own sperm, James' prick moved with greater ease now and delivered the last seeds of procreation into the Angel's body. Then, turning the Angel on his back, James walked over him on all fours, until his dangling prick hung but an inch from the Black Angel's lips.

"I'm victor, so you got to suck me now," James demanded.

Though his face was gashed with wounds and blood, and his head and rectum ached until he could hardly endure it, the Black Angel could not resist the huge snake hanging from the nest of black hair.

Folding his arms around James' massive pillor of thighs, lovingly, caressingly, enjoying their glowing warmth, he lifted his head and wrapped his lips around the dangling prick. He no longer cared about manhood nor his inner male conscience. It was here, hanging above him to have as he wanted it, and he began to suck and pull at it.

He coiled his desirous tongue around it until he was content. He realized sadly that he would never have enough, and he sucked at it as if he would be jerked from his mouth at any moment and denied him.

Reaching up, he caught the two melon-like balls in both hands and began to milk them up and down, as he groped madly with his mouth on the flesh head of James' lustful prick.

James began to sperm again, as they both worked together in degenerate union. As the hot sperm vomited itself into the Angel's mouth, some restraint diverted his desires, and he turned his head to one side. The sperm shot downward into his face, ran into his beard, into his eyes and nose.

James, sliding down over his body, lay on top of him and cuddled him in his strong hairy arms. He began to lick away the sperm from off the Angel's face.

"Don't waste it, man," he whispered. "Drinking another male's come gives you extra strength. The real elixir of youth."

When he had finished cleansing the Angel's face with his tongue, he eased down the length of his body, buried his face in the Black Angel's uplifted thighs and sucked him off, swallowing the Angel's sperm.

The Eight Day

In a fit of quivering agony, the Black Angel lay in his circle bed naked. His eyes were deep purple puffs, his nose was swollen, cuts marked his beautiful, shapely lips, and grotesque bruises pelted his chest and forearms and biceps. Every muscle throbbed with the slightest movement, his head pounded madly, and his rectum felt like a hot poker had been inserted and left to cool.

James, in his sexual assault, had all but ruined him physically. Yet, vivid memories of James taking him passionately the day before kept him floundering on the wrinkled silk spread of his bed, a spread as bright as scarlet, like his torn and mutilated innards. He felt that James' potent organ had tugged at the tissues of his rec-

tum until its blunt head had pierced the flesh like a thorn through silk, but beside that, he relished the idea, despite the violent pain, he considered that James' glorious sperm still lay within his belly, the hot nectar of the gods, and that he now owned a part of James, the best part, the unctuous part.

Not that he in any way felt effeminite. He did not. He merely enjoyed the feeling of knowing male sperm was inside his gut, shot there by another, equally male.

Of all the male sex partners he had fraternized with, James now seemed to him the most important. He wanted to buy him outright and let him live at his fabulous pad to be his love mate. Strangely, since he was so obviously male himself, he did not understand his feelings, but now, since that wondrous day with James, he longed to pay homage to this giant by playing the female role. He wanted James to screw him, suck him, fondle him, make love to him. He wanted to give his body to James, let him take him as he wanted to take him.

Though Toha fussed over his bed constantly, dabbing at his wounds with healing creams, tempting him with savory dishes, he wanted nothing but to lie in his pool of pain and think how gloriously James had given him this pain.

Obsessed, he let his mind wonder, saw visions of James naked, bending over him like a dark dream, his prick dangling from its flower of hair, his seeds in their sack swinging back and forth like a pendulum. How he loved the sight of that savagely beautiful body!

Queer or not! He loved it!

He tried to turn over but fire shot through his rectum, up to the pit of his bowels like a living torch. James' prick had done that, and he loved the pain for this self same reason.

James! If only James would come back to him, screw him again in his new temple of pain, rub the wounds again until they bled, scrape the tissues of his rectum until he screamed for mercy. James, if only he could get one more glimpse of his enormously lovely prick, take it in his hands, feel its quiver, its pulsating madness to enter him, gore out a fresh hole, through pain and into ecstasy!

The chime at the front door sounded.

His heart leaped to his throat.

James! Was it James? Would he come and take him brutally again, have his animal way with him?

But it was a total stranger who opened the door and stood in the heavily shadowed foyer.

"I am Luke," the boy said, and his heavily

guttural voice was spiced with malice. "I believe you ordered studded cuff links." He laid a pair of huge silver cuff links on the table beside the numerous other delivered articles.

"I did order earlier," the Black Angel informed him, trying to sit up, but falling back when fire exploded in his rectum. "But I don't feel—feel like sex play at the moment."

The boy named Luke came down the steps and stood beside his bed. There was a nasty grin on his bearded face, a beard that had no style in cut, just grizzly black hair growing wild on his acne-marked face. "James sure fixed you," he said, studying the Angel's wounds. "It takes a stout one to tangle with him. No other man comes out sex winner over him. He wins every time. But," he added, "I guess you get your rocks at that sort of thing."

The Black Angel blinked, but said nothing. At the mention of James, he wondered where he was at that moment, and he longed with frenzied passion to be with him once more. He asked gravely: "Where is James today?"

"With another client," Luke answered, showing rotten teeth. A pang of jealousy ran through the Angel's tortured heart. Why, he did not know, for he hardly knew James, just that one

sexual encounter, but that was enough for him to pine for him for the balance of his days on earth.

"You must like that dong he's got between his legs," Luke said. "All you guys are alike. You know damn well you can't take 'em as big as the one he's got, yet you want it just the same."

"Is that anything to you?" the Black Angel asked, despising this ratty punk Cornucopia had sent him. He noticed how the boy's beaded eyes turned hot with malice and hatred.

The boy was attired from head to toe in shiny black leather, with huge silver studs as buttons, and heavy chains running criss-cross from shoulder to shoulder, a draw back from those loose, unpredictable days of the hippie, actually now a costume, a relic, the last tattered remains of a straggling, degenerate army of misfits, exiles from society which had once taken the nation by storm. He was also wearing soft leather gloves to his elbows and carried a whip in his wide silver studded belt. He looked filthy, and his rancid odor, of sweat and urine and tobacco and drink filled the great room, and stagnated the surroundings around the bed.

The Black Angel wanted none of him. He wanted only James. "You may go," he said icily, not bothering to look in the boy's direction.

"Why?" the boy questioned.

"Tell them to send me James instead."

"That is against custom," Luke explained, fuming for being repulsed. "Your membership card states plainly you must accept what your sex-zodiac dictates."

"To hell with that lousy membership card," the Black Angel growled, still fight left in him, despite his mutilated body.

The boy moved closer to the bed. His hand clutched the whip. "Mr. Angel, you find me unattractive?"

The Black Angel turned and gave him one deliberate glance, a gaze that shot to the back of the boy's mind. "I think you're a stinking animal!"

The boy lifted his bearded chin in disdain. "But you will have sex with me, and as I see fit," he rasped, uncoiling his whip. "My specialty is sadism and masochism. I enjoy giving pain and also receiving pain. Some men love to be whipped while they are jacking off. Others love the sight of blood mixed with their sperm. You must adore flagellation to an extent, for you relished James' tactics, which are brutal to say the least. I will thrill you, Mr. Angel. The worst kind of thrill, which your queer type loves."

The Black Angel turned and gave him a rakish stare. "Get out of my sight!"

Luke began to breathe heavily, uneasily. "You don't feel up to sex?"

"I am sick," the Black Angel lamented lowly.

"But if I return to Cornucopia without pleasing a client they will discharge me."

The Black Angel grunted. "So let them."

This angered the ratty boy. He uncoiled the whip, brought it down quickly against the Black Angel's thighs. It struck with a loud slap, withdrew, flinging blood. A dark red line was left on his quivering thighs.

"I anger quick," Luke cried, flinging out the whip again, then again, the blood sprinkling down on the bed like rain, heavy red marks making grotesque lines over the Angel's body.

"Quit!" he cried out in his own defense, but the boy now, seeing blood, tasting malice, his temper boiling, rained down blows in wild ferocious rhythms. Each time he brought the snake-like whip down he screamed like an animal.

The Black Angel tried to ward off the lashing black snake with upthrust arms and thighs, protecting his head and mid-section. In a minute his whole body was striped with red, and blood and bits of his flesh were all over the bed.

Helpless against this crimson onslaught, the Black Angel could only bundle up in a knot to ward off the whip as best he could.

Then, as if through some automatic instructions, the boy halted, dropped the whip, and stared wild eyed around him, as if, from some unseen herald, he was being given another command to carry out.

"I'm gonna ruin you! Gonna tear this pad apart!" he shouted down at the Black Angel.

He leaped over the Black Angel's bed, over his twitching body, like a howling ape, and began to tear away the furniture like one gone berserk. Paintings fell from walls with a loud crash. Tables were overturned, articles clanging on the cold tiles. Drapes were jerked from their moorings, glass shattered, flowers went sailing into the air, statues flung heedlessly.

The Black Angel tried to sit up in bed as broken glass and bits of wood and articles came showering down around him.

Then, in one last deliberate gesture, Luke picked up a giant statue of a nude male, flung it wildly at the blister dome. It struck, splintered the glass in a million streaks, looking so much like a giant silvery spider web running from wall to wall.

"Thrilled?" he then cried, stalking over the broken debris and out of the room, giving the Black Angel one cold, defenseless stare.

And left him there in a bed of crimson pain, with little Toha running about the room like a madman, his glorious, fabulous pad in shambles.

The Ninth Day

Toha bathed the Black Angel's pain wracked body, exchanged silk sheets and pillows on the great circle bed (pale green now) administered his hundreds of whip lacerations, and pampered him with delicious, oriental foods.

The Black Angel, in a fit of thwarted rage, lay in his beautiful bed naked and, with bitterness and scorn, examined his many wounds with intense loathing. His handsome body was ruined, he considered, and he cursed Cornucopia Enterprises and its stable of uncouth male whores. They were all against him, he knew, for being so brutal with some of their delicate employees. He was glad Luke had destroyed the sex-zodiac. Thinking about it, he turned his agonized head

and looked at it there lying on the scarred tile, its innards strung along the floor, springs, clogs, wheels, dials, bulbs, like a clock taken ruthlessly apart by some naughty child.

His eyes wandered about the apartment, seeing with a wrench of his heart all his beautiful collections smashed, heads broken from statues, vases in a million fragments, tables, chairs, tumbled, their contents littered like the results of an invading army.

"I ought to sue," he muttered half-aloud, but on second thought he realized rebelliously that he could not. Cornucopia Enterprises would bring out in court his detailed sex practices and tastes, and he would end up in prison, celled with other inverts worse mentally and physically than he. He would go stark raving mad.

Sick in both mind and body, appalled and grieved over his beautiful body being torn and mutilated by that filthy Luke, enraged about his disheveled apartment, so outwitted his blood boiled, adding immensely to his agony, he picked up the phone and called the slave compound to send someone to clean up the mess.

"It'll never look the same again," he said to Toha who came to his bedside with a flavory drink. "Nor will I ever be the same. My body is ruined."

"You be same 'fore long," Toha said, in an attempt to comfort him. "Me wait on you, nurse you back to good health."

The Black Angel looked at him a long thoughtful look.

"Why are you so good to me?" he asked, remembering shamefully all the sexual things he had done with the male whores in front of him, as if he had been a part of the furnishings and not human at all.

"You are all I have in this country," Toha said sadly, bowing his elegant head, his hands hidden in his tunic sleeves. "You god to me—brave and beautiful—all male. You are everything man should be. You radiate. And me feel radiation of your grand and noble body, even from distance. To touch you is like putting hand to shinto altar in Japanese temple. The fire in you like oriental god. It burn from you into me, give me life, love."

"I'm no god, Toha," the Black Angel cried, seeing now with embittered remorse all the shameful things he had done, the homosexual degeneracy, not as he wanted to be, but as he actually was, what he had become, what the Cornucopia Enterprises had turned him into.

"I love you like a god just the same," Toha concluded, a tear dripping from his almond eyes.

The chimes sounded at the door and, leaving the Black Angel's bedside, Toha went up onto the foyer and opened the door. A huge, giant of a man came into the room, an African, rather his ancestors were African. But he was not black, not the ebony-blue hue of bush country savages. This man's skin was the color of tanned leather, and shone with that beautiful luster, as though he had been oiled and polished and furbished until his flesh glistened.

"I am Judan," he said abruptly, obediently, announcing himself. "I am from the compound. You wanted a slave to put your house back in order."

Toha, without speaking, guided him down the steps of the foyer and to the Black Angel's bedside.

Standing at the foot of the bed, directly before the Black Angel's gaze, a gaze turned hypnotic by the sight of this huge creature, he made a breathtaking picture there against the white light of the cracked bubble dome.

He stood at least seven feet tall, or seemed so to the Black Angel who, even in his delirium, could not shift his gaze from his presence, his sensual maleness. His head had been shaved, rings were in his ears, and his deep brown eyes looked down on the bed with molten liquid in

their dark, endless depths. He was naked except for wide belt and a pale green crotch sling of translucent silk which hung loosely in the straddle of his enormous thighs, its thin folds sagging under the ponderous weight of his prick and balls, like a sack of melons, and when he moved this weight shifted sensuously, and showed the exact contours of his organ. On each side of the sling, which narrowed as it went under his balls and came up behind deep in the crease of his buttocks to his waist, a broth of black wooly hair protruded attractively and advertised his potentials. His skin shone like a golden urn and was emblazoned with heavy veins which ran up his arms and down his thighs like webs, adding much to his powerful strength and his maleness.

That he was a slave was obvious. Not only that his wrists were weighted with electric shackles, geared for remote control, but his whole being, the rigidity of his stance, his eyes, his firmly set jaw, his protruding cheekbones, the manner in which he thrust out his heavily veined arms, the spraddle of his long, powerful legs, all cried out his bondage.

Black men had been slaves as far back as the early eighties, and gained their freedom, and now were slaves again. Their race had turned full circle. As in the readings of the old testament,

the last would be first and the first would be last. So, in essence, they had fulfilled their prophecy.

And this giant, glowing with hard sinewy strength, rebellious and malicious where the former slave had been passive, obedient, the very picture of maleness—animal maleness—brutal ferocity, was the personification of the tribal-modern slave. Denied of all liberties, even his desperation for privacy and freedom, even sex, a forced neuter, his loins forever burning with untold and fathomless lusts, his every brawn and sinew screamed for passion and relief.

So fierce was this invisible force about him that it reached out across the bed and pulled the Black Angel into its ferocious spell. Even in his illness, he wanted this Negro, wanted his body, even more so that he was a bond slave, of which he could do with as he pleased, this idea, this realization within itself adding to his sexual urge, to siphon all the rebellion out of this giant, shadowy body through his great reproductive organ, into his own mouth and into his own belly, giving him strength, power, stimulation.

His gaze wandered corruptively over the slave's groin, saw with a wild tremor all that lush meat hanging invitingly in its pale green sling, ripe, mellow for the sucking. He wanted that hot juice he knew lay in that golden skinned body.

Under Toha's instructions, the slave Judan began to clean up the littered debris, and with wanton eyes, and a throbbing body, the Black Angel lay on fluffy silk pillows and watched him work. He was magnificent. Every move of his body was art. Every pose a living statue, every gesture a painting in flesh and blood and muscle.

Once he bent over, his back side to the Angel, his enormous brown thighs spread, and the bulge that hung from his straddle was so supple, swinging there invitingly, that the angel could not resist playing with himself. Abandoning all his reserves, he flung back the silken sheet, exposing his naked frame, and began to strip his prick back and forth, until it was erect.

Judan rose up, turned automatically, and shot him a rebellious gaze. It did little to persuade the Angel to cover himself.

"What the hell," he considered, wild now as his gaze raked over Judan's dark body. "He's only a slave. Let him look!"

Judan came to the foot of the bed and looked down at him, his eyes but narrow slits, his jaw set, his muscles flexing and reflexing.

"Do you always play with yourself, white man?" he asked, his teeth clenched.

"When I don't have anyone else to play with," the Black Angel said.

"Can't you find a woman?"

"I hate women!"

"You built like a man, got good tool like a man. It's made to dig into a woman. Why this other?"

"You ask too many questions, slave."

Judan flinched, his eyes narrowing. "I see you look at my crotch while you whip yourself," Judan went on. "You like my body?"

"Yes. Yes." the Black Angel stopped playing with himself and gave the naked slave before him a wanton look.

Judan stood then, his powerful arms folded akimbo, his legs spread, his shadowy gaze fixed on the Black Angel.

"I want you. Want to suck you. Please!" the Black Angel cried, in a pleading, rasping voice. He had to have this male, and in his craving, he flung all reserve aside and made his intentions plain, gross.

Judan did not answer, but the Black Angel saw, or thought he saw, something of acceptance twinkling in his steadfast gaze.

Though wracked with pain, every movement a labor and a strain, he slid off the bed onto his knees, the silken sheet following him, falling in limp, shiny folds around his feet.

Lifting a hand, he ran it slowly up the inner

thighs of Judan, noticing with delight that he did not flinch, nor did he give any indication of not wanting to be fondled. Then, running his hand over his organ, he gloried in its firmness wrapped in its thin sheeting of gauze, could feel its head, its stem growing under the power of his touch. He trembled. In fact, every vein and sinew throbbed at a full pulse. Boldly now, not looking into Judan's eyes, he unfastened the clasp and let the piece of thin green cloth slide to the floor. His gaze froze as he raked his eyes over the huge prick that hung like an elephant's from its base of thick black wool. The head was huge, almost the size of his fist, and glowed dully purple.

He could not deny himself any longer. It was too much for him to resist, whether Judan approved or disapproved. Embracing Judan's thighs in both arms, he lifted his body up and sucked the enormous virile hunk of meat into his mouth. Like one gone mad in the throes of erotomania, he pulled with his lips, stretching the long stem down to him wantonly, lolled his warm tongue around the rim of its head, sucked, pulled, groped, hanging, clinging to the great chestnut-colored frame as if he clung for his own life, as if the hardening prick was his life, and he must cling to it frantically, or fall into oblivion.

Saliva ran from his mouth, dripped off his chin, as the prick got harder and harder.

Judan, worked up now, his bondage abandoned to something untamed and wild and free, began to work his pelvis back and forth. Reaching down, he grabbed the Black Angel by the nape of his neck, and began to drive his prick in and out, back and forth, faster now, then as in a frenzy.

Sweat poured from his chest, gleamed from his nipples and the dark area around them ran in wild relentless streams down his chest, and into his wooly pubic hair. It slickened his thighs, and bathed him as he worked his body in unison with the Black Angel's lips, pulling, pulling, gripping, stripping with his tongue every nerve in the long dark stem.

They were in a gross frenzy now, struggling, grunting, growling like beaten animals and, coming to a peak in their movement, Judan spermed, flooding the Angel's mouth with fertile liquid.

The Black Angel, still on his knees, still clinging to Judan's pulsating thighs, drank the hot sperm as if he was famished. It kept coming, flowing into his mouth, over his lolling tongue, as Judan drove his groin back and forth, slow, lowingly, slower now, then coming to a rigid halt,

as the last precious drops slid down the Angel's throat and into his heaving guts.

Judan breathed heavily, panting, as the Angel continued to suck. Suddenly, as all passion was ebbed, drained from his sweaty body, he rose to his full height, every sinew flexed. He took hold of his spongy prick and pulled it slowly out of the Black Angel's mouth. As if not having enough of the thrill, he slowly thrust it back into his opened mouth again, drove it slowly to the hilt, then eased it back out again. He was through. But passion, and the memory of it beckoned on to more.

Then, having fulfilled his sexual conquest to his wanton body, like the rebellious slave he was, he turned cold. "All the time you suck me you hate me cause I'm black," he said gruffiy, clinching his teeth tightly.

"That's not so," the Black Angel cried, gazing up at him. "It's the best I've ever had, black or white."

"You lie, white man," Judan roared, his eyes like glowing tongs of fire. "All you white men just alike, wanting something from us black folks for nothing."

The Black Angel started to cry out in protest, having relished this giant's magnificent body, but he was too late. From somewhere out of his

wide leather belt, as if by sleight of hand, Judan drew a short, needle-like dagger. It sparkled in the white light.

The Black Angel let out a muffled scream, as the silvery object made a wild slash in his direction. Judan drove it again and again into his chest, his gut, his arms, his neck, then was gone in a flash.

The Black Angel sank to the tiles, folding under the onslaught of awesome pain, sprawled in his own warm blood.

Feebly he cried for Toha.

The Tenth Day

Toha had managed, somehow, to lift the Black Angel and lay him on a clean silken spread and pillows on the bed, now pale lavender, and to wash and cleanse his wounds.

"Anoint me and prepare me. I am dying!" The Black Angel moaned, slobbering into his magnificent black beard. He lay on his back, his beautiful head, with its flowing mane of jet black hair, falling over his saddened eyes, his arms limp, his legs slightly spread.

Toha, wringing his hands, began to whimper sadly.

"No say you going to die, Angel! You get well! You must get well! If you die, me want to die too!"

"No, Toha, you're young, handsome," the Black Angel said weakly, turning to gaze at him there standing above him, so resplendent in his peacock tunic, his smooth skin radiant, glowing like a china doll's. "You must live. This is your home now. I am giving you everything."

"I don't want everything," Toha cried, bending over him. "I want you, Mr. Angel. I no live without you!"

"Please, Toha," the Black Angel sighed, hardly above a whisper, his lips barely moving, "there's so little time. Anoint me. Make me handsome again with your magical cosmetics. Send me into eternity as I was meant to go—a beautiful corpse."

"But—but let me love you first," Toha sobbed, bending still further over him, his tears falling on the Angel's chest. "Like me always want to love you—from my heart."

The Black Angel nodded, Toha's voice coming, it seemed, from some deep underground cavern, indistinguishable.

At that, Toha disrobed, and stood completely naked in the center of the room, the pale morning light, lavender, reflecting over his body, bathing him in gorgeous hues.

The Black Angel, lifting his agonizing head, gazed fondly at Toha standing before him, seeing

him unhusked for the first time. In his delirium, he considered him beautiful, more beautiful than any male he had ever seen, marveling at his gorgeous planes, his contours and curves, the beguiling nest of black hair around his smooth loins, his maleness dangling so wantonly, so overwhelmingly provocative.

Toha, still sobbing like a lost child, climbed onto the bed and began to kiss the Black Angel's feet. With warm, caressing hands he rubbed his legs, his calves, while he put each toe in his mouth individually, sucked on them, then moved up his body, all the while tonguing every inch of him, cleansing his wounds, on up to his crotch where he made low, soothing, purring sounds, slobbering over his limp prick and balls, sucking them into his mouth, rolled them around his tongue, spit them out lovingly, then sucked them in again. He hugged his hips to his smooth, hairless chest, murmured love phrases, caressed, mouthed his pubic hair, sucking on the curly strands, wetting them, bathing the entire area of the Angel's groin with his tongue. He covered every inch of his body with his lips, lapping up the long red lines where the whip had cut, then up to his hairy chest where the knife wounds, put there by Judan, lay open to the air.

Though some of the wounds had now coagu-

lated, there was one wound which remained fresh and open. It was at the right side of the Black Angel's chest, the dagger having pierced the lymph heart, blood and water mixed, ran down the Black Angel's cold, white side.

This sight, so unfamiliar to Toha, repulsed him somewhat, but he kept moving on with his manipulating tongue until he had cleansed the dying body before him, on until he reached the Black Angel's mouth. There, clinging near to his side, he lifted his head in his arms and began to make love to him, kissing his purple puffed eyes, his nose, his feverish lips.

"I've always loved you," he murmured gravely, hugging the Black Angel's body close. "From the very first, when you come to Japan, I love you, want to make love to you."

"Did you?" the Black Angel sighed feebly, and he gazed at the beautiful boy beside him with a deep longing in his heart.

"You need not have relied on Cornucopia Enterprises," Toha said, with an assuring tone to his passionate voice. "I would have done to you all that any of them done, and with love, not just my body . . . with love, Mr. Angel. I could have satisfied you, for love, Mr. Angel, make all the difference."

Suddenly, though every inch of his body

throbbed in agony, the Black Angel witnessed his own tragic mistakes. Toha was right. He could have made love to him, and now, when it was too late, he foresaw his loss—the loss of things never possessed—which is the greatest loss of all.

Turning, as inexpressible pain darted like lightning through his fingers and then like a trail of fire right up his shoulders to burst in his feverish brain, he embraced Toha fondly, pressed him to his body and kissed him lovingly on his soft, pink lips.

So they lay thus for a long time, basking in each others love. The Black Angel saw the faces of all the young whores he had sought, and in them his miserable fate, his undoing: John, and Mark and Simon and Timo and Bart and Andy and James and Luke and Judan. All of them together could not match the genuine passion and affection his little oriental Toha held for him. Though he had discovered his loss too late, on his death bed, he fondly stroked back his silky black hair, kissed his brow, ran his hands up and down the beautiful planes of his satin smooth body. In this longing and desperate last minute love, they merged as one, their bodies pressed together like warm wax, their arms folded around each other, the beautiful face of

Toha buried in the Black Angel's magnificent black beard.

Then, as if momentarily come back to life, to vitality, the Black Angel began to love Toha all over, not with sexual, carnal passion, but with the ardor of his true affections, kissing his nipples, his navel, burying his face in his crotch, caressing his thighs, tonguing his buttocks, sliding his lips up the arch of his spine, measuring his broad shoulders with laps of his tongue, then his neck, and around again to his waiting, saliva coated lips.

Of all his passionate encounters with sex partner after sex partner, none of them had fulfilled his sexual needs as this boy in his last remaining hour alive on earth. Never had he felt the genuine warmth, the devotion, along with the sexual play, never had he desired to climax less, for just holding this young boy, just smothering him with his belated love, there was no need to grapple and struggle and probe another's body so that sperm would flow and desperate stimulation would come about. This was greater, even more intense, than sexual climax, for it was like prolonged climax, each moment, each touch, each kiss a kind of special climax all its own.

Weary now, sodden on love, his whole body

crying of agony and approaching death, the Black Angel cried hoarsely, frantically:

"A priest, Toha! Call a priest!"

In broken sobs Toha slipped out of the Black Angel's arms and picked up the phone. He dialed a number.

"A young one," the Black Angel moaned. "Ask for a young one. You know I hate old men —loathe the sight of them."

The Eleventh Day

Toha, in his affected ablutomania, had now anointed the Black Angel's body with camphor oil, aloes, and myrrh. In addition, using his oriental cosmetics and his skill as a beautifier, had made up the Black Angel so that he looked as he had before being wounded, covering his whip-marks, his purple rimmed eyes, completely camouflaging all the ugly half-healed scars. Now, as he lay beneath an ice blue sheet, his handsome head sunken in azure colored pillows, he resembled his old self. He looked like the deeply masculine and provocative savage, so glowing and radiant with vitality, life, before fate had decided to shape his destiny to suit her promiscuous will.

Lying, as if already on the burial shroud, the Black Angel could hardly breathe, he was so near the end of his life. His limbs quivered, he groaned with stabs of pain, his thumbs grew inward, as if the nerve centers had been pierced with spikes, his every vein stood out vividly, their tautness advertising his intense pain, that unendurable pain of the median nerves. He was now deathly fatigued, though he held onto life persistently. His vitality was generally lowering. His facial features were drawn. His bearded mouth was open and his lower lip was beginning to droop. His deltoid muscles and his biceps were strained, and they stood out vividly. He was in a state of cramp. The cramp had brought on a sudden stiffness. On his glorious thighs and on his calves there were monstrous rigid bulges, and his toes were bent stiffly. He was suffering from tetanus, a prey to horrible spasms, and his stomach muscles were tightening. His solar plexus was sinking inwards as were the hollows under his tortured collar bones.

His breathing became shorter, and lighter. The air entered his lungs with a whistling sound, but did not come out again. So filled were his innards with blood that he could barely breathe in and out. He thirsted desperately for air. He

gasped for it. He was now in the throes of asthma.

Toha, standing in the doorway of the galley, seeing this, hearing his labored breathing, wrung his hands and wept. His master, his lover was dying, and he saw, as a man may stand on the desperate top of a mountain and look down into his own hell, his doom, the hollow, vacant life he would lead in the future without him.

Slowly he went to the bed and stood beside him, tried to control his own sobs, though his small body shook as if he stood in a raging wind.

"Angel!" he gasped, leaning over the bed.

The Black Angel opened his eyes feebly and, seeing and recognizing who it was, tried to smile. But it was only a thin trace of a smile, and not a real smile at all. His lips now were but a purple gash in the nest of black hair, and they quivered in time with his whole giant body, as if he spoke in a silent, unknown tongue the torturing pain which wracked his frame.

He saw Toha but in a dim, shadowy blur, his emerald tunic but a shimmer in a gray mist, and he realized thankfully that he was there, beside him during his last moments on earth, and, reaching out, he took hold of his hand and squeezed it tightly. Though he could not make out Toha's beautiful features, he knew in his

heart of this dark beauty, had memorized it, and found momentary relief in knowing that, at last, here beside him in living flesh and blood was the toy of his lustful dreams—love, pure and wholesome and sublime, not like the others he had used and mutilated for his own carnal pleasures, flesh pots of sex, taking one after another in pursuit of something he had had in his midst all along.

Toha!

What a beautiful sound, that name, and he tried to say it aloud. Toha, who had waited on him hand and foot, who had endured his ugly sexual charades with other men, who had stood by silently, patiently, watching him wallow with other sex-partners, yet loving him to distraction.

Now, in his death, his slow dying, he wished with all the outpourings of his wild heart that he could do something for him at last, some token of his love, to let him know that now he loved.

"Toha," he managed to whisper, still clinging to the tiny hand as if it were a life-line flung to him from the top of a crevice and, frantically, he was trying to pull himself up. "I've—I've been so so rotten to you, so terrible, so—so wrong about everything!"

"Please!" Toha cried, sniffing, falling to his

knees and laying his head on the Black Angel's chest. "Don't exert yourself."

"Got—got to tell you something."

"What?"

"I love you," he stammered, as the tears streamed down his painted face. "I—I think I always loved you. Didn't have the sense to see it. Such a fool!"

"No, you no fool," Toha cried helplessly, clinging to him desperately, his eyes locked on the pale expression and knowing what it previewed for his own tortured life ahead. "You did what made you most happy. And as long as you were happy, me happy."

"No—no," The Black Angel let out agonizing cries, as if with deep shame and regret, he was trying to call back his old life and lay it before Toha like a worn out toy. "Never was happy! Never! Just going madder—and madder—day by day—searching, searching."

"But—but you have me now, Angel," Toha assured tearfully, looking at him with fire in his eyes. "You've always had me. You know that. You know that I love you."

"I was blind," the Black Angel went on feebly, his eyes opening and closing. "I've missed so much. Let so much slip past."

"But, but, you could get well!" Toha whis-

pered, as a new hope took hold of him and shook him into vivid life, their love motivating him with determination, galvanizing his small dark frame into action. "Me can call doctor, make you well again, then, you and me be happy. Always happy."

The Black Angel gazed at him with a hurt look in his dull gaze, as if he longed to comply with Toha's wishes, but realized painfully that they were impossible.

"Too late," he muttered, sinking fast. "Too late. I'm—I'm dying."

Toha let out sobs anew at this, clutched one limp hand and clung to it frantically. He didn't want to give him up to his God, and the Black Angel was giving up so easily, without an effort.

"Please!" he choked, "Let me get a doctor!"

The Black Angel lifted his trembling hand and stroked his silky hair.

"No. The priest. Did you call the priest?"

Toha nodded, his face swollen from tears. "Like you said."

"A—a young one?"

Toha nodded.

No sooner had the Black Angel spoken than the chime sounded at the entrance and a priest made his way slowly into the foyer. He was, as Toha had promised, young, callow young for a

man of the cloth, and a riot of blond curly hair crowned his head like the burnished gold on a prince's helmet. His robe was black, flat black without shimmer or wrinkle, and the little white band around his thick neck accentuated his sun-tanned complexion, the dark, youthful glow of his face, and his mellow blue eyes.

He made his way down the shallow steps into the living area and paused at the foot of the bed.

"So you're the Black Angel," he said, as if he had heard of this infamous person and was curious to meet him. He seemed to ignore Toha who remained kneeling beside the bed.

"Has your physician already announced . . .?" he asked, not completing his sentence, sparing the harshness of reality to fall on dying ears.

"I am dying," the Black Angel cried hoarsely, his body sinking in visible pain. "Can't you see that?"

"You look radiant to me," the priest said.

"Paint! Oriental paint!" the Black Angel roared, then broke out in a rash of terrible coughing. "Beneath this goo—I am a bleeding wound!"

The priest, as if seeing that this was true, came round the bed and stood at his right side.

"Do you have a last confession?"

"Yes," the Black Angel stammered, his voice

hardly above a whisper. "I—I must tell you something before—"

"You may speak freely," the priest advised calmly, as though death was a commonplace ritual in his young life. "No ears will hear but mine and God's . . . and . . . your servant's." He then glanced down at Toha and their eyes met for a sensitive moment.

"Don't call him servant!" the Black Angel stormed, in a weak fury, lifting a trembling arm and placing it around Toha's shoulders and drawing him close. "He's my lover."

The priest lifted an eyebrow.

"Oh I'm sorry," he said. "I was unaware of your nature."

"I—I am a homosexual," the Black Angel gasped, as if the words, the confession at long last were difficult and painful to get out.

The priest looked at him a long thoughtful look.

There was an undetermined silence.

"Do you condemn yourself to hellfire for that?"

"Yes," the Black Angel cried, the sound awesome, guttural.

"Mr. Angel," the priest began, looking down at him with deep consideration in his heavenly blue eyes, his young brow furrowed with many

wrinkles, as if he was uncertain now what to say, or how to say it, to bless or curse. "It is not wrong in the eyes of God for you to be a homosexual. Every lust we possess comes, not from our own selfishness or carnal bigotry, but from an instinctive will not of our own. If God had not intended for there to be homosexuals, he would not have created them. The only wrongness is how you have conducted yourself as a homosexual, and this applies to all, normal men or otherwise."

"It is of this that I must speak," the Black Angel moaned, as if fearful of the worst, his own damnation. "I have been the worst kind of homosexual. Brutal, selfish, cruel. I have given pain in seeking pleasure."

The priest thought for a moment. He fingered the rosary, the silver cross, and glanced away through the cracked bubble dome.

"Confessing that this ... frustrated giving of pain to others, in your sexual pursuits . . . is enough in the eyes of God. He is all forgiving."

"But I've been so wrong—so terribly wrong."

"And now, before it is too late, you see this, and want to make amends, the remission of this sin."

"Yes."

"And from all this degeneracy you have

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learned nothing," the priest asked solemnly, looking directly into his dark, handsome face, a face still vibrant and glowing in its death, as it lay profiled against the saffron sky.

"Yes. I've learned," the Black Angel said, almost peacefully, laying a placid hand on To-ha's hair. "Through him—I've learned—learned that the embrace of the mind—the heart—is stronger than the embrace of the arms, the limbs."

The priest's eyes sparkled at this, as if he too had stumbled upon a new, profound knowledge.

"Then confess your sins," he said lowly, "and prepare to meet your maker."

"I . . . I . . . confess," the Black Angel murmured, gasping for breath, his lips flung grotesquely wide, every vein strained.

The preist took the purple stole from his neck, laid it over the Black Angel's lips, then brought it to his own lips and replaced it about his neck. He read a few passages from his little black book, made the sign of the cross over the Black Angel's chest, then crossed his own.

"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection," he said in a final close. Without looking at the Black Angel, he turned from the death bed and made his way across the tiled floor. As he went up the steps to the foyer he heard the whimper-

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ings of Toha and, turning slowly, he saw that he had raised his dark, oriental head and was staring at him, a long tearstained stare, his eyes like hot glass.

The priest thought of the boy's predicament, and considered gravely, with one hand on his chin, his other holding the good book.

"Do not despair," he advised with solemnity, "over your kind of love. Jesus considered all of us. He was partial to none. Remember, he preached love and nothing else. Love one another as I have loved you, he said, so this includes you and your Black Angel. Love is the essential form, regardless who or what you love, so long as you love."

Then, as silently as he had come, he was gone.

For a long, tense moment Toha remained kneeling, his dry eyes now fixed feebly on the face of the Black Angel. He watched minutely as he drew each breath, measuring with his tortured heart the length and strength of each. He saw the face turn a pale green as the air hissed weakly from his lungs, as he struggled to breathe in, and he breathed with him, frantically, desperately, and with an awesome longing to give him his own breath, so that he might continue to live.

Finally, there seemed no breathing at all.

With a great struggle in his heart, he lifted

himself up from the bed, and stood for a second above him, thinking of small things that tore their memorable way through his sinking heart. Then, leaning, he kissed the Black Angel on the brow.

Like a befuddled sleepwalker, he made his sollemn way to the little altar he had brought with him from Japan. On it lay a gleaming knife, its razor sharp blade sheathed in the dragon embossed scabbard. He knelt carefully before it, resting his knees on a silken pillow. He arranged his tunic so that no wrinkles marred his fine, majestic physique. Then, unsheathing the sword, he held it out, the point toward him, in true hara-kiri fashion, and plunged it into his middle. With a labored groan he fell face forward. But as he did so he heard from the bed anguished cries which froze his bleeding heart.

It was the Black Angel, yet alive, crying pleadingly for him: "Toha! . . . Toha!"

With one piercing scream—a scream at fate, himself, his hasty stupidity, Toha, smeared with blood, one hand grasping for his stomach, he pulled his body across the room, inch at a time, until he reached the bed, leaving a crimson stain across the shiny tiles.

Clinging to the sheets as if they were silken ropes, he pulled himself up to where the Black

Angel lay, sobbing all the while piteously: "Hold on! Hold on!"

The Black Angel, hearing that cry, but as if it came from somewhere far off, perhaps heaven, lifted his feeble head and saw the face of Toha peering at him over the coverlet.

He tried to rise up but couldn't, so he stretched out his hand to him as far as it would reach, his fingers gasping nervously, frantically, for Toha's touch.

Toha, weakening fast from the flow of blood, could no longer move his own body onto the bed, so he flung out one arm desperately.

Their fingers touched, coiled, locked, as all life fell away. Then, as placidly as two leaves floating downstream on silent waters, they both slipped into eternity.

*

This may well be the end to the story of the Black Angel, as he lay beside the body of Toha in the crematory at the city morgue burning to a crisp, the terrible flames all enveloping, roaring in crescendo until his wondrous body had turned to a blackened image, or the dark ghost of his image, his huge organ and testicles blowing up

like balloons from the liquid in the body and then bursting.

It may well have been the glorious end of him as old Demus, the city embalmer, embittered by age, crass, toothless as a hag, possessed grotesquely with the mania of necrophilia, who had lusted for his lifeless body—a thing the Black Angel would have loathed—as he leaned his shaggy head against the circular window and wept, not regretful of his sexual loss, but of the world's loss of so much male beauty.

It may have been the ultimate end of him, and with but a vague memory of his infamous charades, if some youth, during his burial, had not cried out: "Come back, Angel! I love you! We're waiting for you!"

So he lives, a spontaneous, phenomenon. Like the death of Napoleon and Hilter and Valentino —whether good or evil—all supermen, whose deaths had been doubted and disbelieved, because the faithful were never able to believe nor adjust to the idea that these heroes were entirely mortal—so the Angel lived.

There is a wild rumor that he miraculously survived the knifing of the Negro giant, and that another body had replaced his in the morgue, that he remains alive but disfigured, in an asylum or in a hospital. Spiritualist seances are held

to communicate with him, and they have multiplied their number a hundredfold through the land. Thousands of letters are mailed to the living Black Angel daily, books have been written selling into the millions of copies, and even a three dimensional movie.

Thus a cult has been organized to establish contact between mortals and the immortal dead. Songs have been composed and sung, praising his male potential. Poets have composed poems. Even the twelve male concubines from Cornucopia Enterprises have written their accounts of his private life as they had known him. Young men wear pendants about their necks in his memory, have grown beards, and paint their eyes to resemble his desirous and irresistable gaze.

Statues have been erected, portraits have been painted, and death masks line the walls of every teen-ager's abode. The debris from his littered apartment are sold, and these objects are worn as holy relics. Some of these are broken useless objects, bits of glass, fragments from statuary. Rags from his clothing, adorn altars, and now a temple has been constructed.

Within stands a life-like statue of him. It is moulded and sculptored of a substance which has the feel of human flesh. The likeness is completely naked, displaying his full glory.

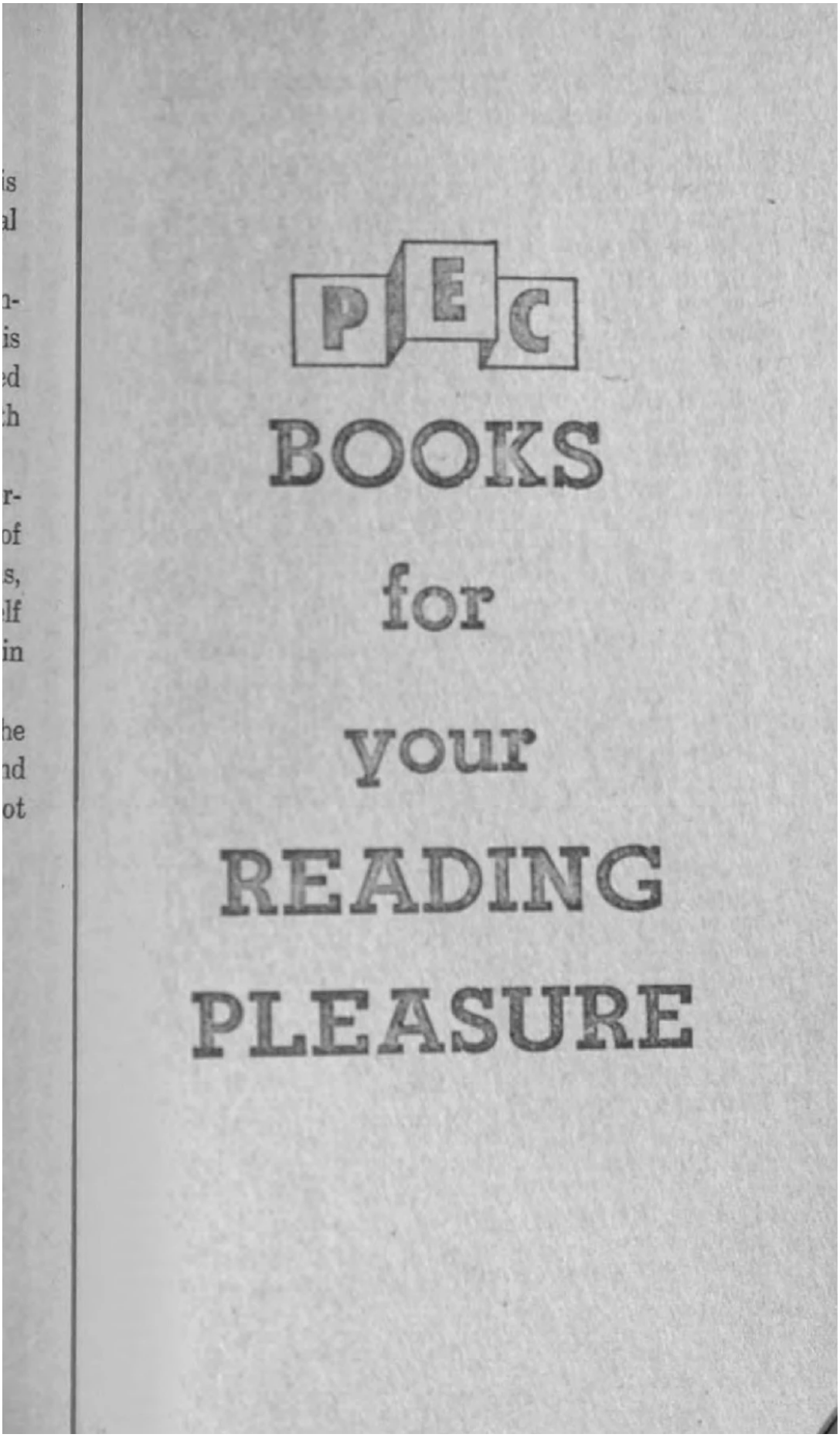
The statue brands his every living detail. It i
animated. It moves. It talks. It plays musica
instruments. It even becomes passionate.

Thousands of young boys pay it yearly hon
age, bringing flowers on the anniversary of h
death. And many of these blossoms are whiske
away after the ritual, to imbue the wearer wit
the hero's mystic substance.

A thousand mimetisms help to build the pe
sonalities of young boys, in constant pursuit
imitating him, daring to be in love as he wa
bold, fearless, intoxicating, each seeing himse
as the Black Angel, reflected and transfigured
twin mirrors: life and death.

"I am not dead," he seems to say, in t
reflected mimetisms of himself, as he is seen a
imitated by others. "Those who believe I am n
dead are right."

The End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